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The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, November 30, 1932

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The BYSTANDER

Scaioni's Studio

THE LADY PATRICIA MOORE

Two of the latest of Lady Patricia Moore, the only daughter of the Earl of Drogheda, and Kathleen, Countess of Drogheda. The portrait, a photograph of which is inset, is by Edward Wolfe, and is in his exhibition at the Cooling Galleries, in Bond Street. Lady Drogheda gave a cocktail-party there on the day the Exhibition opened

Wednesday night at the Café de Paris is a weekly event no visitor to London should be allowed to miss : on the left are Mr. Berkeley Villiers and Lady Delamere, who were there together

Above : Donna Degna Marconi, the Hon. Mrs. James Rodney, and Lady Dashwood at Paul Caret's amusing cocktail-party and dress show last week

Right : Lady Worthington-Evans and Mrs. Baillieu take their respective children, Sarah and Colin, for a walk in the Park

Left, above : Miss Huntley Walker, Miss Marie Charles, and (centre) Miss Georgette Cohan, Ethel Levey's daughter, at the cocktail-party given by her mother at Balfour Cottage

Below : Also at Ethel Levey's party : Mrs. Robert Sweeny, Mr. Charles Sweeny's mother, Lady Bridget Poulett, Mr. Robert Sweeny, Mrs. Stewart-Browne, and the hostess

The Earl of Warwick and Mrs. Dick Winsloe were two more extension-night visitors to the Café de Paris

Around London

By Day and by Night

Photographs by Swaebe and Sasha

The PASSING HOUR

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

WHAT a week it has been—the Opening of Parliament, the McCorquodale divorce case, Miss Barbara Hutton's farewell, the Merry Wives of Westminster party, the Kandahar dinner, the Sweenys' party, the various Arno parties, the Servants' Ball, the new engagements, and the new separations! It is hard to know where to begin. The Opening of Parliament, as seen from the Long Gallery of the House of Lords, was a most imposing spectacle, and there was not an inch of room to spare. One of the last Peeresses to make her way into her place was Lady Queensberry. In the Long Gallery, Lady Bridget Poulett stood, like the rest of us, for nearly two hours. Her only respite was a half-kneeling position for a few minutes during the King's Speech.

I THOUGHT the Lord Chamberlain looked a trifle anxious. He has to walk backwards in front of His Majesty, and that means walking backwards downstairs for part of the way. But it is extraordinary how ill-informed some people are. Just behind me there were two very well-dressed women who spent their time in awaiting the King's arrival making a succession of superb gaffes. One of them said, Where is Portcullis?" The other said, "Oh, he 's probably gone to get his tabard."

Then the Duke of Norfolk appeared in his robes of Earl Marshal. "Doesn't the Prince of Wales look pale to-day?" was the comment.

Bertram Park

A new picture of Miss Florence Scheftel, one of the most attractive of the American Mayfair-ites. She is the daughter of Mrs. Edwin Scheftel, of New York. Miss Scheftel is helping with several of the many charity dances to be held before Christmas

Lady Douro and Lady Anne Wellesley

Right: Lady Douro and her daughter at their Hill Street house. Lady Douro is publishing, before long, a foxtrot she has composed, called "You're Not my Type at All, Dear." Music is one of Lady Douro's chief interests, but she has not published anything, either light or serious, before

ALL this time, Stanley Baldwin had been chatting in rather a loud voice three yards in front of us. Suddenly a friend of the two women said, "Do you see Mr. Baldwin?" One of them said, "No; where is he?" After a moment her companion said, "I believe that is him over there—you see, he is in naval officer's uniform." The only two faces I recognised in the throng of

spectators were those of Mrs. P. G. Wodehouse and of the former Miss Vivienne St. George.

OUTSIDE, so I learnt afterwards, Lord Goschen's five-year-old great-nephew was watching from the porch of St. Margaret's. When the cannon went off, he said eagerly, "And who are they killing now?" He was greatly disappointed that the King and Queen did not walk in the procession despite the driving rain. He also regretted that there was no fighting. "Are you going into the Army?" he was asked. He drew himself up. "I shall be a Coldstreamer, of course," he replied.

MISS BARBARA HUTTON has gone, taking with her Miss O'Malley Keyes. She gave a number of good parties, at which she placed her guests with almost uncanny judgment. Her final party, with a stand-up buffet and a lot of champagne, was given at the Dorchester. Miss Hutton was hatless, and wore black. Prince George was one of her guests. Miss Hutton's dowry is two million pounds, and her *monthly* income is a hundred and eighty thousand dollars. I did not know there was so much money left in the world. By the way, she paid her first visit to one of the Woolworth Stores last week and ate a sausage.

MISS HUTTON is undoubtedly prettier and more popular even than Miss Doris Duke, the other American heiress to millions who has visited us. Blonde and vivacious, she is not at all cynical, although she has every reason to be so. There is no hope of the Woolworth millions coming to England. Her affections are already engaged—though temporarily fruitlessly—by a foreign prince; he is a very good-looking young man.

JANUARY is to be a real month of weddings. The latest recruits are Lady Joan Villiers and Mr. David Colville, who are to be married on January 21. They are busy house-hunting already. They are lucky. The premiums for houses of all shapes and sizes have shrunk remarkably in the past three years. Lady Joan gave a cocktail-party on Friday, and at least one large family dinner-party has been arranged in honour of her engagement for this week.

A DECEMBER wedding is that of Mr. Iain Murray and Miss Angela Du Boulay. It will be a brilliant affair, and distinguished

At the Opening of Parliament

Full evening dress and tiaras in the morning are trying, but Lady Londonderry always looks lovely in hers; she is with Lord Londonderry

Lady Scarsdale is another person whom a tiara becomes well; she was photographed with Lord Scarsdale, leaving the House of Lords after the King had declared Parliament open

Colonel Giles Loder, the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Crichton, and Lady Enid Turnor talking together on the balcony at Grosvenor House

Lady Milbanke (left) and Lady Abingdon, who were both members of the Carnival Committee, sitting at their table with the Duke of Sutherland

Above: Lady Helen Stewart and her sister-in-law, Lady Castlereagh, with Lord Dudley, at their balcony table; behind, on the right, is Miss Violet Vanbrugh

The Hallowe'en Ice Carnival

At Grosvenor House and in Aid of the Royal Northern Hospital

Sasha

Lady Dashwood's sables and velvet gloves were most appropriate, though the balcony wasn't as cold as the rink level

Sasha

Miss Rosemary Villiers, Mr. Looker and Mr. Ralph Harbord walking round between the events

Above: Miss Katherine Horlick and M. Belak, the Roumanian artist, who did a sketch of her and Mr. Murrough O'Brien

Left: H.R.H. Prince George and his Equerry talking to the Duchess of Sutherland, who arranged the Carnival which was to benefit in particular the "Rosemary Ednam" Ward of the Royal Northern Hospital

Sasha

The Comtesse de Fleuriau and Lord Blandford have their eyes interestedly on the rink

Lady Betty Butler, the Duchess of Sutherland's sister, talking to Lord Castlereagh

Lady Bective and Lady Mount Temple could not bear to part from their coats

by the presence of the Prince of Wales, who rarely honours a wedding in this way. Mr. Murray's father, Colonel Sir Malcolm Murray, is the Deputy-Ranger of Windsor Great Park, and has one of the most attractive houses, with one of the finest views, in Great Britain. He became an Extra Equerry to the Duke of Connaught in 1903 and became the Comptroller of his Household four years later. He holds orders and decorations presented him by Sweden, Saxe-Coburg, Prussia, Austria, Russia, Germany, and Italy.

MISS ROSE BINGHAM, one of our prettiest unmarried ex-débutantes, has not been at all well recently. She has just gone into a nursing-home for the third time in a few months. This is particularly bad luck just when so many parties are taking place. Incidentally, the people who think that our young people lead very gay lives do not realise that few of them ever smoke or drink. Most of them have never tasted a drop of alcohol, nor do they smoke. This may account for their marvellous complexions.

AT Quaglino's they are introducing from Horcher's in Berlin, that admirable and refreshing drink, an equal mixture of moselle and champagne. The Duchess of Sutherland was there the other night in a large party which included Major Jack Courtauld. Miss Ruby Millar supplied the cabaret; Lady Cynthia Tothill revived the wind-swept coiffure; and Mr. Charles Birkin doubtless discussed books with Mrs. Norah Stewart Browne.

EVERYBODY was discussing the McCorquodale divorce case, and several of the guests had been present in court. It must have been quite an expensive action. I am told that Mr. Norman

The Hon. Elizabeth Scott-Montagu is a half-sister of the present Lord Montagu of Beaulieu; she is working hard at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art

Hay Wrightson

Miss Cicely Villiers is the youngest of Lt.-Col. and Lady Victoria Villiers' four daughters, and has just left school in Paris, and entered the ranks of the sub-debs. Like all her family, she rides well and plays every kind of game

Birkett's brief was marked at 350 guineas, and the other counsel included Sir Patrick Hastings, Mr. Stuart Bevan, and Mr. Linton Thorpe. The daily refreshers alone must have totalled a good deal. One of the Juniors was Sir Shirley Worthington-Evans.

I HAVE often wondered what the cost of a really big party amounts to. The other day, Mr. Thornton Smith told me that at the Fortnum and Mason affair no fewer than a hundred and eighty bottles of champagne were drunk within an hour. Another six cases were produced and suffered the same fate. In addition, two dozen bottles of whisky, two dozen bottles of liqueur brandy, three dozen bottles of port, and twenty-four dozens of beer were, also consumed. It was certainly a grand party.

NOR was there any stinting at the Midnight Stage Party given by Bertie Scott in honour of the two-hundred-and-fiftieth performance of the *Dubarry*, at His Majesty's Theatre, on Thursday last. The American edition of *Dubarry* opened with a tremendous bang in New York last week, with Grace Moore playing the lead, after a most successful try-out in Boston. I hear, too, that our beloved Beatrice Lillie has scored another huge success in the United States, in a new revue called *Walk a Little Faster*. That means, alas! that we will not see her for a long time.

We blow our own Trumpet!

On December 2nd, 1932, as-ever-is, the

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

of "The Bystander"

will be on sale for the ridiculously small sum of Two Shillings.

And when you have bought this special issue we feel sure that you will think that it is a beautiful bargain from the basement.

In addition to stories with a moral (for stories without morals are anathema to us) by such well-known writers as Anne Abercromby, F. E. Baily, Gerard Fairlie, Ethel Mannin, and Alec Waugh, you will find society and its goings-on satirised both in colour and black and white.

But, just to prove that "The Bystander" can appreciate a joke against itself, there is a special section devoted to satirising the ordinary—if it ever is — weekly issue of "The Bystander."

Read, mark, learn and inwardly digest "The Sur-Passing Hour," by "Mr. Spyglass." Note the superb photographs of celebrities great and not so great with which the text is adorned, and be intrigued by "Smoked Salmon," by "Eddie" Tatham, which, in this number only, takes the place of "Caviare's" famous feature, "Hors d'Oeuvres."

Bis Dat Qui Cito Dat, which, being freely translated, means, look sharp, as this number will soon be out of print.

A Specimen Illustration

The Countess of Lemmon and Ade, quite the loveliest of our Young Marrieds, and one of the most popular débutantes of her year, is seen here in a characteristically natural pose with her fascinating son and heir, the youthful Lord Grimwater, already known in the nursery as "Gripes"

"The Merry Wives of Westminster"

A Very Social Occasion With a Political Flavour

One of the most successful of the "in-aid-ofs" was the Pay Party at the Savoy, organised by Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, the Hon. Mrs. Loel Guinness, Lady Stanley, Lady Rachel Stuart, Mrs. Euan Wallace, Lady Warrender, and Lady Weymouth. Mayfair was there in full force, and the Middlesex and Essex Conservative Funds must now be a good deal richer

Hay Wrightson

Mrs. Euan Wallace

Paul Tanqueray

The Hon. Mrs. Loel Guinness

Peter North

The Viscountess Weymouth

Yevonde

Lady Warrender

"Set in Authority Over Us"

Some Notabilities Lately in Evidence

Major Hore-Belisha, M.P., listening to the important speech made by Mr. Neville Chamberlain at the newspaper Makers' luncheon

Below: The Marchioness of Reading who, with the Marquess of Reading, were the guests of the evening at the dinner given by the English Speaking Union, talking to Viscount Mersey

Sir Arthur Shirley Benn, Bt., M.P., at the Pilgrims' luncheon given in honour of Mr. Robert Frazer, the newly appointed American Consul-General given at the Hotel Victoria

Below is Lord Melchett leaving the House of Lords after the opening of Parliament. He is the author of a new book which has created a certain amount of discussion

Lord Melchett

Above: Mr. Robert Frazer (left), the guest of the evening at the Pilgrims' luncheon, in converse with the Chairman, Viscount Hailsham

Right: Sir John Gilmour, the Home Secretary, arriving at Burlington House, to address the six hundred delegates of the Police Federation

Sir John Gilmour, M.P.

The Duke of Norfolk

Who is the Hereditary Marshal of England, leaving the House of Lords after the second session of Parliament had been opened by His Majesty the King

A Racing Reverie:

Debs and Debts

By "Regular"

And so the loveliest of all the lovelies is now to become Mrs. Sweeny.

You may consider this an odd way to start a racing article, but I cannot think of a more appropriate manner, for in eclipsing the Two Thousand Guineas and Derby favourite (Newmarket, April 27th, 1932) Miss Whigham made Turf history.

1929 was a vintage year for Débutantes. One after another, proud mothers arrived in London with well-tried daughters and that confident look in their eyes that trainers get, which means "She's only got to run up to her home gallop to win in a trot."

Yes, and one after another these lovelies justified their mother's confidence, and proved that the home gallop was right, and that the old 'un had not lost his dash, and on the floors of the Embassy and Café de Paris more than fulfilled the promise they had shown in the drawing-rooms of their ancestral homes.

Rumour had it, though, that good as this crop of Debs was, there was one down at Ascot which would make them all look like selling-platers, and for once in a way rumour did not lie.

Never shall I forget her first appearance—the large crowd was spellbound. A Baronet friend of mine drank a glass of water, a well-known hostess said "Look!" instead of "Listen!" Jack Harris dropped his violin, while the other Debs gnashed their teeth and resigned themselves to perpetual spinsterhood—the Whigham, the Myrobella of the Debs, had arrived.

By the time these words appear in print, we shall have backed our last loser on the flat, and be consoling ourselves with the words, "If he hadn't fallen he'd have trotted in." Yes, and not always "trotted" in, either.

While on the subject of betting may I once again give a word of advice to the great army of people, who, like myself, on numerous occasions, haven't been able to "settle."

There's no sort of disgrace in "asking for time," but there is in ignoring your bookmaker's letters. A friend of mine found he couldn't settle, in fact, the best he could manage was a post-dated cheque for half the amount, on the first of January, and another cheque for the remainder on the first of April.

Now this, he realised, was asking for pretty long credit, and it was with some trepidation that he opened the unmistakable envelope bearing the reply. His fears were groundless, as the firm had written him a charming letter containing no word of protest at being kept waiting so long for their money.

The moral of this is that when you can't settle, give your bookmaker some tangible evidence that you are trying to liquidate the debt. If you don't, and you find yourself posted before Tattersalls, it jolly well serves you right.

One never knows how things will turn out (according to a versatile writer in a daily paper, Mrs. Richards cried when her son Gordon became a jockey), but if Cheltenham was any criterion we have a very good jumping season before us.

True, the class of horse put to jumping, and especially hurdling, in this country compares very unfavourably with that of France, but this is not surprising when one comes to think of it, as, with very rare exceptions, our old fellows find themselves battling it out for a paltry £100 or so, while in France there is a £1200 steeplechase or hurdle race on an average at least once a week throughout the season.

Yes, there's precious little money in the jumping business these days, and the wonder of it is that we find such big fields competing, for what they lack in quality they certainly make up for in quantity, proof of the tremendous popularity of steeplechasing, for few owners can hope to find the game a paying one.

Cheltenham is always a packet of fun. The recent meeting only provided moderate sport, but it gave us a glimpse of the popular Royal Scot—there's a good horse for you, if you like; in fact, in my estimation, the best two-mile 'chaser since Easter Hero.

Like many another good 'chaser, Royal Scot is a very hard puller and likes to go along in front, which just suits Hardy's style, and they form an ideal combination.

At one time National Hunt Stewards used to be regarded as a kind of joke, like mothers-in-law and Wigan. Nowadays, though, they are a very live body, determined to stamp out the evil practices which used to abound and did so much to mar the fair name of jumping.

Their ultimatum that they would not stand for two tryers per race, and the rest having a look on, has had a most salutary effect, and never before have I seen so many tryers at a meeting so early in the season.

Once upon a time the County took advantage of Derby races to dissipate some of their gains from mill and mine, hospitality flowed and corks popped, and the horses (you can never see much of them at Derby even on the "dryest" days) became more difficult to distinguish than ever.

Now all the glory has departed. Neither mill nor mine provide ,the one-time flow of "wherewithal for merriment," and the hard-headed business folk of the Midlands have drawn in their horns. Few now even attend the meeting, much less entertain for it, and in these days, if one finds it difficult to distinguish the colours, one must blame the smoke and fog.

The beginning of the end of flat racing for this year: Miss Diana Puckle and Miss Rosalind Topham in brilliant sunshine at Warwick

The Hon. Osmond Hastings, the Earl of Huntingdon's brother, and his youngest daughter, Miss Osmunda Hastings, at the Warwick Meeting

At the Theatre

Should a Bishop Tell ?—that little White Lie

Sketches of "Wild Violets," at the Theatre Royal, by Rouson

Devoted friends: Otto (Esmond Knight), Erik (Fred Conyngham), and Paul (John Garrick), and——

—How they show their devotion at the slightest provocation

The feminine method is here contrasted. The stars represent kisses

CARRY a situation to extremes and it ceases to be itself and becomes its opposite. Melodrama, exaggerated beyond breaking-point, disintegrates into farce, the line between tragedy and comedy being always a trifle wobbly. Its lack of stability is the theatre's gift to burlesque. When a play manages to encompass both the sublime and the ridiculous, the way of the burlesquer is paved with opportunity.

I couldn't help thinking (without malice) what fun the Follies could have had with Noel Scott's *Playground*, at the Royalty. Pélissier ipse as the complacent Bishop; Lewis Sydney as the villain; Douglas Maclaren as the innocent Curate with too much sex-appeal.

I HOPE the author won't curse me for one of those superior idiots who expect a masterpiece every time they go to the theatre and are peevishly intolerant if the feast provided is merely an unpretentious snack for simple palates. *Playground*, I solemnly declare, is appetising fare for those many customers who prefer cottage-pie to caviare. The spectacle of virtue triumphant and love's young dream come true is not to be despised. Unsophistication is no crime, and for those who like a spot of melodrama and romance, enlivened with rustic humour (Scotch) and girlish fun (another dormitory scene), this story of the Bad Girl who did and the Curate who didn't should provide an excellent evening's entertainment.

The Bad Girl is Meg, the barmaid, who finds the McMullen Arms (Ayrshire) pretty tame after the home of her authentic Cockney accent. So she goes wrong with the villain, who is secretary to his sister's girls' school and prefers drinks in the bar-parlour to bridge with the local doctor. We suspect him of being a villain almost at once, because Robert Holmes is seldom allowed to portray anything but caddishness of the deepest dye, and when the Curate looks him in the eye and says "I'm certain your face is familiar," we cannot fail to notice how shiftily the guilty one recoils from the clerical stare. Even a Watson, looking at this Holmes, could not fail to deduce a past steeped in hidden infamy. This hound, one felt, was leading Meg some way up the garden-path, and would lead her farther unless the Church could prevent it.

BUT the Church couldn't. The worst had happened, and was, by the same token, about to happen. Neither could Meg be prevented from falling in love with the comely Curate, who had a title into the bargain, as well as a pure heart and

Liesel (Adèle Dixon), Mitzi (Valerie Hay), and Lena (Myrtle Stewart), principal girls at the Academy

Left: Raughty Rutherford (Morton Selten), rude, rigid but reliable, and his grand-daughter, Mary (Harriet Bennett)

Below: Looking anything but sweet on a bicycle made for two. Hans (Jerry Verno) and Augusta (Charlotte Greenwood)

a jolly smile. Nor could the girls at the school be restrained from doing likewise, with special reference to eighteen-year-old Doon. Girls will be girls, and curates will be curates, but not always will Bishops cease to behave like Bishops.

The Bishop of Annandale read something stronger than the *Church Times* (he liked a good thriller), and believed in the motto that "it is better to lie a little than be unhappy much." He also believed in the integrity of the young man he had moved from a slum parish to the cushy job of Chaplain to a girls' school. Which was lucky for the Curate, because, in the oak-panelled room of his lodge in the grounds, two young women had come to visit him on the same night. First Meg, to throw herself at his head and be tactfully repulsed, and then Doon, in her night-dress (and an overcoat), to tell him he just couldn't say good-bye. "You can choose," said Meg, "between me and 'er," flinging herself into a chair in a state of well-simulated drunken abandon just as the Headmistress walked in to enquire into the nature of all these goings-on.

NEXT morning, Meg, being discovered to be an incipient mother, tried blackmail. Should the Curate marry her to hush up the scandal or should he face the music? Looking the villain again in the eye, it occurred to him at once who was the father of Meg's child. Was Miss Carroll aware that her brother had divorced his wife and seduced some poor girl in South Africa? Miss Carroll was not. Neither was she aware that the Bishop had overheard, as he paced the verandah in his dressing-gown, Meg's efforts at blackmail of the previous evening. How she had locked both doors and demanded by force, at the price of splitting on Doon, what the Curate had never once thought of offering as a voluntary.

Considering how much the young man had asked for trouble—getting Meg a job as secretary and falling in love with a member of his confirmation class—it was kind of his Lordship to get him out of it without even a caution. This genial sportsman was not only a Bishop in a thousand, but a liar in a million. It would have scarcely surprised us if he had whipped a special licence out of his pocket and insisted on marrying Doon and Peter on the spot.

A Wild Violet of 1902 retires to bed after discarding her little bundle of clothes

Wild Violet of 1932 affords a striking contrast with her little bundle of clothes

THE scene of the locked doors gives Beatrix Thomson a chance to let off the emotional steam of a pent-up passion most artfully revealed by word and look. This first-rate actress makes Meg into the genuine article—tears, whines, snivels, and all—a figure of pity and scorn, a vixen formidable at bay and tragic in defeat. In short, a capital performance.

Maurice Evans has charm and manliness to spare for the Curate, who makes short shift with a drunken sailor, but is no match for an amorous flapper; Elizabeth Colls is commendably angular and schoolgirlish as Doon; Robert Holmes is the compleat cad; Mabel Terry-Lewis a suitably harassed and aloof Headmistress; and Fewlass Llewellyn's smiling, shiny-headed affability plainly denotes a box-office boom in Bishops.

TRINCULO.

A Conservative Cradle

A group of visitors taken at the Bonar Law Memorial Conservative College at Ashridge, where students are trained in the business of true blue politics. Mr. Baldwin and Sir John Sandeman Allen are seated, with M.P.'s standing round. They are Messrs. C. U. Peat (Darlington), T. Howard (Islington S.), J. Rutherford Chalmers (Edmonton), C. W. H. Glossop (Penistone), A. Crossley (Oldham), T. B. Martin (Blaydon), S. Storey (Sunderland), and D. A. Hanley (Deptford)

Pleasure —

Mr. C. F. Entwhistle, K.C., M.P., driving from the 1st tee for the House of Commons in the match v. Bromley and Bickley

and Business

Colonel Mayhew, M.P., who arrived at 11.40 p.m., on the evening previous to the opening of Parliament in order to secure a seat early

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides: By "Big Ben"

ECONOMY and Disarmament still fill the stage. Everything else has been pushed into the background. The storm over the Private Members' Economy Report shows no sign of abating; Disarmament on a large scale seems as far off as ever.

AT the big Disarmament meeting at the Albert Hall I was very interested to see that of all the speakers Mr. Beverley Nichols was the only one who really roused the audience to enthusiasm. His remark that the White Flag was a far nobler emblem than the Union Jack brought the house down. Where in the world do such audiences come from?

THIS intrusion into the political sphere of those who have made names for themselves by writing is resented by the politicians. It is very seldom that these gentlemen have anything of value to say. Far too often they use their position merely to criticise. I 'm not objecting to those of other professions who go into Parliament, though even of these there have been but few successes. John Buchan is, of course, the outstanding exception. He has only been in the House of Commons since 1929, but already he has made as big a reputation there as he has in the world of letters. He is, perhaps, the most cultured man in Parliament. During the war he tried to instil into Mr. Lloyd George a love of good literature, but without success.

HIS maiden speech was a very brilliant affair. But his voice is not as good as it might be: rather parsonic. His work amongst undergraduates should one day bear fruit. I hope Conservatives will then remember to whom the honour is due.

HILAIRE BELLOC was a failure in the Commons; Philip Guedalla has tried time and time again to get in, but as yet no constituency will have him. Edgar Wallace, of course, was rejected by Blackpool at the last election, but at any other time he would probably have won.

DR. HOWITT, who is Member for Reading, has a large practice, but he manages, somehow or other, to find time both to attend to patients and constituents. He is small of stature, and smart, and very popular. If he would abandon medicine altogether, I think he would make a name for himself in the political field.

HE fought the famous by-election at Preston against Sir William Jowitt after the latter had joined the Socialist Party, to become Attorney-General. Sir William seems to have dropped out of public affairs recently. I expect he is trying to pick up his legal connections again. He is a fine lawyer, though I know what a friend of mine means when he says that Jowitt always takes a salute from the breakfast-things every morning.

WHEN the Socialists next form a Government—it won't be for a long time yet—the law officers will, I suppose, be Sir Stafford Cripps Attorney-General, and as Solicitor-General, if by then he is in the House, Mr. Pritt. They will be a powerful couple. How Lord Birkenhead used to fight Sir Stafford's father—Lord Parmoor—in the House of Lords! For some unknown reason, Lord Parmoor was the red rag to the bull. Some of F.E.'s wittiest sallies were at Lord Parmoor's expense.

ONE misses F.E. more and more. There is no one quite like him. He was the greatest destroyer of bunk that has ever been. I heard a story of him this week that is certainly new to me, and I thought I had heard them all.

F.E. HAD been called in to straighten out the affairs of some company. When he outlined his plan of reorganisation, the chairman of the company expostulated loud and long, ending with: "I tell you, it 's impossible. I 've twenty-five years' experience, you must be guided by me." To which F.E. replied: "I 'm not here to consult twenty-five years' experience. I 'm here to correct it."

THERE is little wit in Parliament to-day. Maybe the serious times in which we live have something to do with it; but the speeches on the whole are deadly uniform, and run to dullness. M.P.'s seem frightened of laughter. Why?

WINSTON and Ll.G. have their own particular styles, and so has Mr. Baldwin. Lord Hugh Cecil can, when he cares to, which, alas! is far too seldom, put everyone else in the shade. Major Elliot has occasional flashes of humour, Hore-Belisha's style is glittering, but hard. The best of the younger brigade is Malcolm MacDonald, the Premier's son, who, if he is not careful, is going to make a big name for himself. I 'm glad Mr. MacDonald had the courage to give an under-secretaryship in his Government to his own son.

THERE is a widespread hope that the King, on the occasion of the Prince's recent visit to Ireland, will honour Lord Carson in some way or other. When he became a Law Lord there was good reason, I believe, why he did not take an hereditary peerage, but now he might change his mind. Nothing would delight his innumerable friends more. He is one of the great men of the century.

BY APPOINTMENT

BY APPOINTMENT

In a Class by Itself

C.F.H.

Speed..excitement..
You get them
Greyhound Racing at
WHITE CITY

RACINGREYS
G·R·A

Hors d'Oeuvres: By "Caviare"

I AM starting a competition as to which of the many Mayfair "betrothed" look the most in love. Baba Beaton and Alec Hambro certainly deserve a prize. There is one very likely winner, but the Editor says I mayn't mention names in this case, and, anyway, what do I mean by "betrothed"?

NOSES are important. Lady Harcourt has a pointed, decided nose; Miss Dorothy Hyson has a pet of a nose, all tip-tilted and saucy; Lady Nunburnholme has a classical one; and I adore Marie Tempest's: it is humorous, expressive, and "her."

SURELY a very pretty, fair lovely is having a great success, especially at Ciro's.

IS it true that a pair of most enthusiastic social mountaineers are bored with each other in a noisy "I'll-teach-you-to-talk-to-me" way? If this goes on, they will have to give away the ladder.

THIS is a question! Who is it about whom everyone said: "But what a bad marriage for her after all this fuss"?

HUSBANDS of famous wives get forgotten. Sir Neville Pearson is a good shot, a charming companion, and good-looking. Quite a lot of people know that Mr. Fitz-Lewis is the husband of Constance, Duchess of Westminster. Mr. Peter Thursby is a nice, quiet young man, the son of a parson, I believe.

MISS PEGGY GORDON-MOORE has definitely rather high-brow tastes; so has Lady Patricia Moore, but she is also very human with them. Miss Nancy Mitford is clever, witty, and quite un-swollen-headed.

EXCITEMENTS of marvellous Mayfair—

Lady Forres in pink.

Sasha

At the Kit-Cat for the party before the midnight première of "Where is This Lady?" at the Capitol: Lord and Lady Leverhulme, Mr. Owen Nares, and Miss Marta Eggart, the star of the film

Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton looking worried.

Mr. Hollway dancing triumphantly.

Mr. Jock Leslie hollow-eyed and silent.

Lady Bridget Poulett's little hats.

WHO likes oysters? —real ones, not the Lordling type we all know, or that brunette we cannot fathom. I have often seen Prince George at Driver's, and Sir Hugh Seely is another devotee; and so is Captain Jumbo Jolliffe.

THE loveliest hunting lovelies are Lady Warrender and Miss Ulrica Thynne.

The loveliest racing lovelies are Lady Carnarvon and Mrs. "Flash" Kellett.

The loveliest dancing lovelies are Lady Plunket and Miss Audrey Simpson.

The loveliest hunt-ball—no, no, no! there aren't any.

A LONG-time married is very bitter against a "just-got-a-divorce." Can a tall, dark man be connected with it in any way?

ONE of the most devoted of society mothers is Lady Bective, of whom we see so little these days. Lord Kenlis, the eight-months-old son and heir, is a pet. With her first marriage and this, Lady Bective seems to have a large family; so has Mrs. Claude Leigh, who has a daughter by her first marriage, two step-daughters, and a daughter, Miss Virginia Leigh, aged three.

MEN hate fancy dress and women love it. But a collection of bright young people (so bright!) were somewhat surprised on surprising a well-known young man, with a quite blameless reputation up till then, in—well, very frivolous fancy costume. And they thought only women liked dressing-up!

WHY is a French accent so fascinating? My dears, Mlle. Madeleine Renaud is entrancing, and as for Sacha Guitry's leading lady, I've lost that last scrap of heart. Mlle. Jacqueline Delubac could keep even Sir Robert Throckmorton from being sleepy.

The Hon. Elizabeth Brand and Mr. Cecil Lomax photographed at the Kit-Cat before going on to the Capitol. The Duke of Gloucester went to see the first presentation of "Where is This Lady?" which attracted many notables

HOW fair Lord Ratendone is, and, withal, a very charming young man and a sincere admirer of his brilliant parents, which is a change these days. He and Sir Hugh Smiley always look so very spick and span. Their female counterparts, in fairness, are Lady Edward Hay and Miss Baby Jungman.

LADY CAMBRIDGE'S hats are always very round. They are not to everybody's taste. No one can wear a hat so cleverly as Lady Castlerosse; but then she is a very clever woman.

Lenare

Miss Hunter

Elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hunter, whose engagement to Sir Torquil Munro, Bart., has just been announced

The Passing Picture Show

Something Stirs

By Sydney Tremayne

THE British film industry is showing signs of life after its discouraging hibernation during the winter of our discontent. The most promising activity is perceptible in the new Gaumont-British studios at Shepherd's Bush, from which came *Rome Express*, the film "event" of the month. Down in Shepherd's Bush something stirs!

Besides the pictures being produced in the new studios, there is the interesting "tie-up" between Gaumont British and Ufa. Unostentatiously, with an absence of publicity which promises more than any amount of bally-hoo, this combine has been making trilingual pictures in Berlin under the ægis of the famous Pommer, and, for the English versions, actors and actresses have been chosen with rare intelligence. The cast of a comedy called, tentatively, *The Widow's Bed*, includes such distinguished players as Lady Tree, Miss Athene Seyler and Mr. Edmund Gwenn. The comedy work of the last pair in *Tell Me To-night* is an earnest of good things to come.

ONE of the most interesting items of news about the Gaumont-British-Ufa combine is the making of a film placed in that picturesque, tragi-comic and, as far as fiction is concerned, undespoiled period of history, the Second Empire. Lillian Harvey is starred, and our one and only Ernest Thesiger is to play the rôle of Aide to the Emperor. And what an Aide he should be! After his uniquely brilliant interpretation of Charles in *Joan* he should feel at home at the French Court, even of another period, and he has something of Gallic finesse which suggests that to confide to him the part of a courtier to that fantastic parvenu and crumbling dynast is an inspired piece of casting.

MR. THESIGER has had his hair permanently waved for the part. Characteristically he affects to treat this epoch-making gesture in the history of filmic art as a joke, and has said that he wanted his hair to be really ufa! But his actual purpose was artistic thoroughness. He felt that his own familiar, loosely brushed back hair was too modern for the rôle and, quite rightly, rebelled against wearing a wig—so definitely unphotogenic. (John Barrymore spoiled his romantic impersonation of Cæsare Borgia by inattention to this seemingly unimportant detail.) It is an amusing thought that a so-modern invention should be used to achieve realism in a costume play.

It seems to be forgotten that Mr. Walter Forde, who directed *Rome Express* for British Gaumont, has already distinguished himself by making comedies which ran for record length of time in London, so he is not exactly a tyro. Mr. Forde has recently returned from Berlin and, since it is only those who know something who can learn more, it is safe to say that he has lost nothing by observation at close quarters of German technical methods and the work of a master like Pommer.

Rome Express has been acclaimed as a masterpiece. It is not quite that, but, in the matter of assembling stars, casting them appropriately and getting the best out of each individual actor—a sure sign of good direction—it leaves *Grand Hotel*, Hollywood's grandiose failure in this particular, as stationary as an express train might be expected to leave a caravanserai!

CONRAD VEIDT lifts the banal rôle of a super-crook to heights of subtle characterisation. He is sinister, sardonic, and actually alarming in a quiet way and a waisted lounge suit—no mean achievement. Without theatricality, Forde has contrived that the camera shall reveal Veidt's extraordinary powers of expression with his strange, hypnotic, almost opaque, eyes, which seem at significant moments to show all of the ruthless wickedness of Zurta, the master crook and murderer.

Cedric Hardwicke, with his usual disinterested artistic courage, makes the mean philanthropist millionaire, whose passion is art collection and whose hobby is bullying his secretary, a convincingly unpleasant person. Donald Calthrop, as the cringing, double-crossing crook whom Zurta deliberately mocks into a frenzy of fear, and then coolly, almost casually, murders, might have stepped straight out of the dock at the Old Bailey. Gordon Harker is too good as a bore. It always seems to me a mistake for an author to attempt to extract comedy out of such a rôle. I know of no instance when a well-played stage or screen bore has not, inevitably, been boring.

These are the most important, but by no means the only stars in *Rome Express*: there are Harold Huth, Hugh Williams, Frank Vospers, Muriel Aked. Every part is perfectly cast and played. Esther Ralston as a film-star, and Joan Barry as an adventurous wife saved from her folly by the strange happenings on the train, supply the secondary feminine interest adequately and decoratively.

The story is intricate and too coincidental, and the ending is weak, but directly one gets away from the constant switching, mental and physical, of shots of people occupying different compartments, plot and characters begin to link up and drama develop.

Two and One

Herbert Marshall gets the whole attention of Miriam Hopkins and Kay Francis in "Trouble in Paradise," a Lubitsch film which is on its way to London, after a successful round in America. The last film he made over there was "Evenings for Sale"

So She Lived "Happy Ever After"

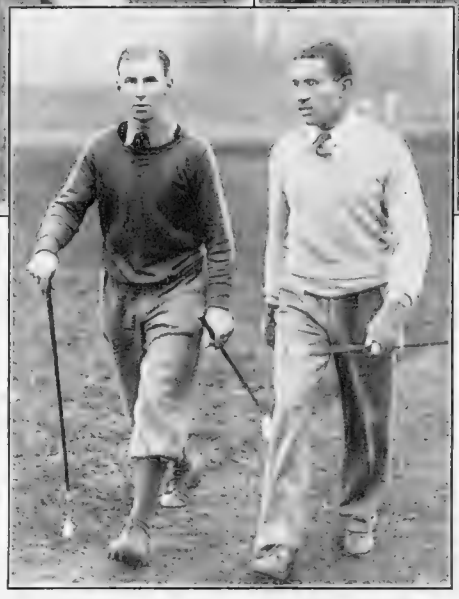
Two pictures of the lovely Lilian Harvey, looking more like the film-star she aspires to be than the ill-treated maid, Jou-jou, that she really is, in "Happy Ever After," the new Ufa-Gaumont British film at the Capitol. Rivals for her love are a couple of window-cleaners, Jack Hulbert and Sonnie Hale, and Cicely Courtneidge is there too. The new Anglo-German film collaboration produces some good stuff in this picture

The Cantabs on the Links

The League Golfing Society Met at Mildenhall

G. R. A. Jamieson (Cambridge) and K. T. Thomson, Cambridge Captain, going to the first tee

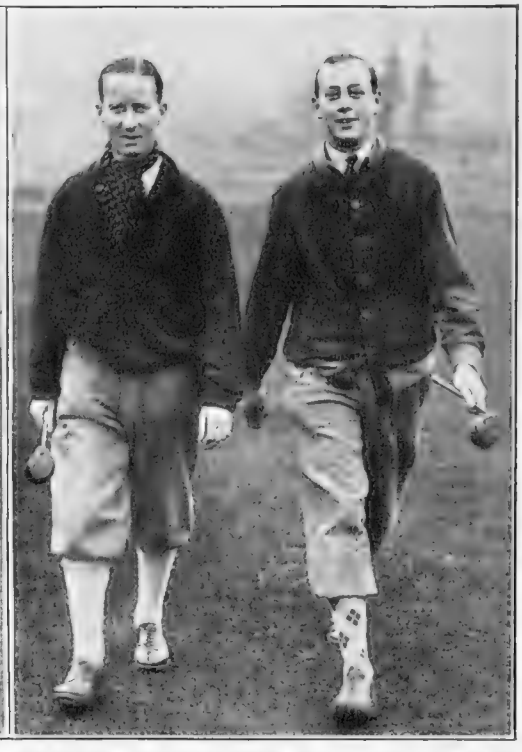
H. C. Longhurst and Eric Martin Smith represented the League. Right: P. H. F. White and P. B. M. Wallace, of Cambridge, going to the first tee



Major Hezlet and Rex Hartley, who also represented the League

Below: R. Thal (League) and D. A. Drayson (League) on their way to the fifth green

Above: C. M. Turner (League) and J. S. Rowell (Cambridge) at the first tee



Right: R. H. R. McGill (Cambridge) and R. C. Southern (Cambridge). The Match was a two-day one, played on the Royal Worlington and Newmarket G. C. Links, and resulted in an easy win for Cambridge by 18 matches to 10

Left : Jessie Matthews as she appears in "The Midshipmaid," the new Gaumont-British talkie, which the Prince of Wales will see at the Midnight Charity Matinée at the Capitol, to be given on December 8

Below : A. W. Baskcomb, as a sailor bold, but gloomy, who is also appearing in "The Midshipmaid" picture. He has evidently just caught sight of Jessie Matthews and does not approve of her frock—not aboard a battleship

Jessie Matthews on the Screen in "The Midshipmaid"

If Gossip We Must

Sunday Music—The Pride of Peter Arno — Albert Hall Piffle — The Late Hugo Rumbold—The Casino's Threat — Clubs and Publicity

THE attractions of the country in November, when it is usually foggy, and always muddy, and dark at 4 p.m., anyway, have never been irresistible, still more are country week-ends looked upon askance this year, for there are any number of engagements to keep people in London.

Sometimes the engagement is political. The eve-of-the-session tea-party at Londonderry House was on a Monday; but it was preceded on the previous day by many eve-of-Londonderry-House tea-parties.

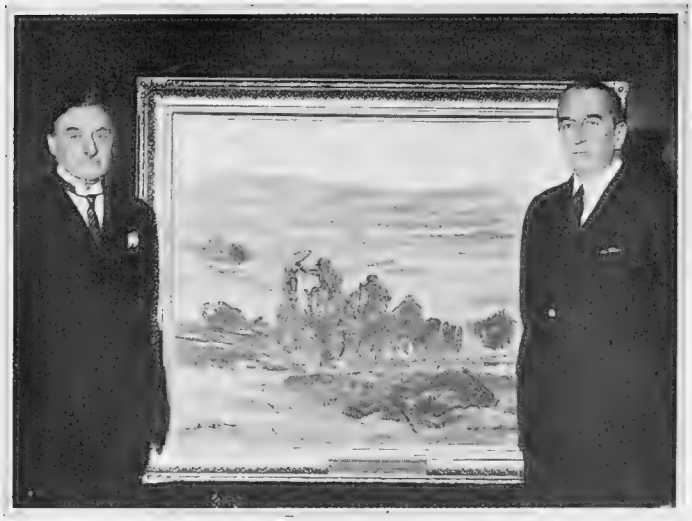
Art shows, whether one-man affairs or the big Royal Society of Portrait Painters' Exhibition, are now ushered in by preliminary cocktail-drinking, usually on the Sabbath. And music, which has now become very much the vogue, keeps people busy on Sunday afternoons, even if it does not always keep them awake.

ENTERPRISING hostesses, sometimes because they like music and sometimes because it furnishes a comfortable rung or two in the social ladder, entertain at lunch on Sundays and carry off their guests, drowsy with food, to the stalls at the Queen's or Albert Hall, which are as full as they are.

This does nobody any harm, and quite a number a lot of good. For there are the restaurants and the cinemas to be patronised later on. It does not improve a financial depression for those who *have* money not to spend it.

THE two art shows of the little season have been Peter Arno's, of which we have heard much, and the Portrait Painters', of which we have heard very little. That is not as it should be; but it is a

A. W. Baskcomb also Screening in "The Midshipmaid"



Mr. W. Harrison (left) on behalf of Lord Lavington, presenting the painting by Captain W. Longstaff, representing "Australian Artillery in Action at Peronne," to Mr. S. M. Bruce, the Australian Minister in London. Lord Lavington's gift is to the Commonwealth of Australia

characteristic trait of the English to lionise any foreigner who happens to be the fashion of the moment.

Mr. Arno has been undeniably "social," and I can only trust that he realised what an honour he conferred on Augustus John by speaking to him at all.

THE Portrait Painters' show was not conspicuously fashionable, except in its choice of subjects; and of the all-too-few Johns one has been familiar for a long time. But the general level was excellent, and I found in it some really exquisite things.

I also know of some exquisite things which were slung out of it—that is to say, rejected. If this exhibition is to live up to its reputation as a mirror of contemporary art, it is more than absurd to allow pictures painted forty years ago to oust rather more worthy pictures painted this year. Some of the pictures really were painted as long ago as the 'eighties.

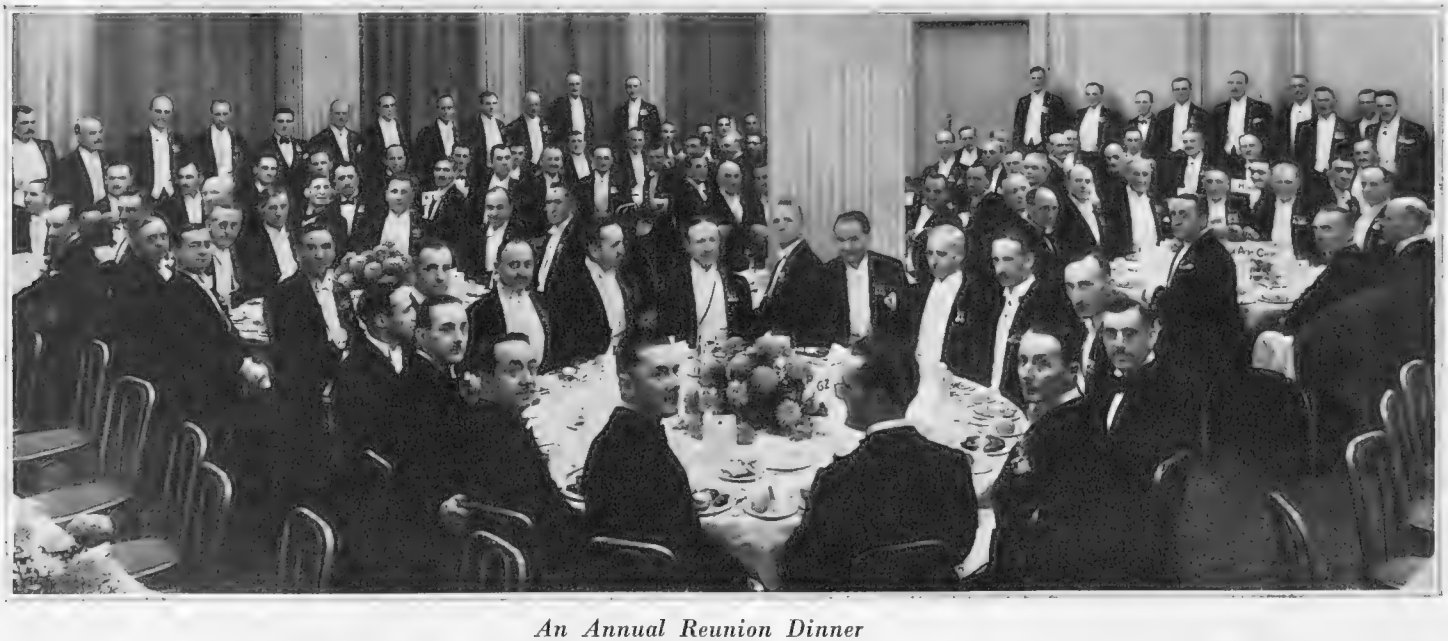
I am not alluding to the Honest Dobbins who show the same honest daubings for half a century, changing only the labels. What is more, they get them in. And the snobs love them.

TALKING of snobbery, why does Mr. Beverley Nichols, who does a lot of talking these days, call school cadet corps, O.T.C.'s, etc., "snobbish"?

Our cheery contemporary, the "Granta," of Cambridge, with that kindly spirit which so endears itself to the sister University, has answered the soulful cry of the "Isis," which suggested that Oxford must win the Boat Race next year, by nominating a crew which, though renowned in other fields, such as athletics, lawn tennis, and "rugger," could not be regarded as first-class Cambridge oarsmen. "The Bystander," always willing to be of assistance, suggests that a crew of Light Blue "Old Boys" might better fill the bill and the boat, and puts the idea in pictorial form below, where will be observed: Sir Henry Curtis Bennett (cox), Sir Horace Avory, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Dean Inge, Mr. George Robey, Mr. Jack Hulbert, Mr. Hugh Walpole, Mr. Montagu Norman, and Viscount Castlerosse. Now then, Tabs, up and at 'em!

If Mr. Nichols chooses to get up in an awfully nice evening suit at the Albert Hall to plead for disarmament and tell us which flag he prefers, that is his business.

But to call an institution snobbish and to give no reason, leaves the thing in the air; and that, considering the importance of that institution, is unfortunate.



An Annual Reunion Dinner

Over 150 officers of the 12th Eastern Division B.E.F. attended the annual Reunion Dinner at Grosvenor House, which is the largest of its kind. Above is a general view of the dinner, at which Major-General Sir Arthur Scott, K.C.B., D.S.O., presided, and the guest of honour was General Sir Archibald A. Montgomery Massingberd, K.C.B., A.D.C.,

By Rouson

Curly Locks

A picture of the well-known actor, Ernest Thesiger, who, in the cause of art, has had his hair permanently waved in order that it may be more in keeping with the period of the Second Empire film, to be made in Berlin, in which he is taking an important part

Below: Miss Ann Dvorak, the famous Russian film-star, who takes such a prominent part in "Scarface," supping at the Café de Paris with Mr. Leslie Fenton

A. V. Swaebe

My recollections of a school cadet corps are a trifle hazy, because I was a member of one before Mr. Nichols was born. But whatever I felt when tramping over the heather at Aldershot—a diminutive warrior, with rifle too heavy and tunic too tight—I certainly did not feel a snob, even if there was nothing particularly heroic about my appearance.

There never has been any social distinction in any school between those who occasionally drill in uniform and those who do not. And were the members of O.T.C.s in the war years snobs?

If they were, then those snobs' graves are at least as worthy of honour as *Evensong*, which, had not the adolescent Beverley been thus protected, might not have been written.

The toy-shops are already, I notice, getting their Christmas Displays in order, and toy submarines and toy-battleships figure in them prominently.

I feel sorry for Miss Margaret Bondfield, into whose heart this will strike dismay. For Miss Bondfield was another of the Albert Hall speakers. Her chief plaint was that the children of to-day are able to buy, or to have bought for them, toy soldiers.

Dearie me! How dreadful to think of the militaristic poison instilled by a few leaden images an inch high! Little did one think when, in the long ago, one treasured those boxes of highly-coloured soldiers (sucking the paint was strictly forbidden) that moral corruption was setting in.

Your pacifist will always spoil a good case (for no one but an imbecile or a savage wants war) by being either offensive or ridiculous about it.

I remember one of these earnest brethren not long ago complaining that the railings of many London squares, etc., should be removed because, being spear-headed, they suggested the war spirit.

Poor Hugo Rumbold! Wittiest of men, and the life and soul of any party, it depresses me beyond measure to think that never again shall I hear him telling stories in that attractive stammer.

I suppose Hugo, having been one of those nasty rough officers in the Grenadier Guards who were snobbish enough to be wounded, was a militarist. Anyway, he used to sing a militarist ditty in the accents of earnest Cockneydom. It dated from the early days of the war and ran as follows:—

"F I R E—Fire!
See the flames mount 'igher and 'igher!
F stands for France, I for Italee,
R stands for Russia. But wot abeout the E?
E stands for dear old England,
Of that we make no deoubt.
So hif we pull together
And fight 'em 'ell for leather,
We soon will put that Fire—eowt!"

Hugo had French blood in his veins. He lived, in thought, in the Versailles

Martyn Green as Jack Point and Muriel Dickson as Elsie Maynard as they appear in "The Yeomen of the Guard" in the series of revivals being given at the Savoy Theatre

of 1770 or so; but in fact spent much time, until he went to America, in the casinos of the France of the twentieth century. And not, I fear, very profitably.

I HEAR, by the way, that the Government tax on French casinos (or is it casini?) will be materially reduced this winter and will remain reduced for at least a year.

This is because such establishments are suffering so severely from financial depression that the managers threaten, unless they are assisted in this way, to throw in their hands. I understand that this is one of the reasons why M. André has, as it were, been marking time at both Cannes and Deauville.

IF French casinos (or casini) do not receive this help, they will lose their big fish. Dr. Battisti, for instance, the Uruguayan mathematician—I had no idea what a Uruguayan mathematician even looked like until I met Dr. Battisti—who is a well-known figure at Nice and head of the international gambling syndicate which has replaced the famous Greek syndicate, told me that this heavy tax was why he was looking to other countries for a spot on which to establish a new pleasure place differing from either Monte Carlo or Frank Jay Gould's Palais de la Méditerranée at Nice.

"I have considered," he said, "Siam, China, Cairo, Spain, Luxembourg, San Marino, and the Straits Settlements." For a casino, the last-named seems peculiarly appropriate.

If we were not governed from generation to generation by timid or tyrannical puritans, Dr. Battisti might be considering London, Brighton, Bristol, Chipping Sodbury, Oswaldtwistle, Chapel-en-le-Frith, and Dalston. And perhaps not.

E. O. Hoppe

Eileen Hawthorne

The most popular model in London. At the Royal Society of Portrait Painters' Exhibition no less than four pictures of her are on view

THE question of clubs and publicity, particularly in the case of "cock-and-hen" clubs, is a nice one.

The points raised are not without interest. An exclusive club of the old-fashioned sort would, figuratively, tear, limb from limb, member or guest who caused to be published any happenings within its walls. The more modern clubs for both sexes are more or less forced in these days to secure all the publicity they can. But there is the right and the wrong sort of publicity. Probably the smartest and most successful of this type of club is Punch's. "Punch's doesn't mind, and, indeed, welcomes the chronicling of its activities in a *general* way," the Reigning Deity has just told me. "But I do think a club should be a place where a man can dine with a woman without the fact being blazoned forth, whether or no there is anything scandalous in their association. It is freedom from this sort of annoyance that I strive, I hope successfully, to secure for members of Punch's and their guests."

SONGS OF SPORTSMEN

No. 17—The Beagler

THE people who go Beagling
And race around the shire
Are not afraid of rain and sleet
Or catching chills from soaking feet—
To them, it is a splendid treat
To plough through mud and mire;
And though the day be drear and damp,
You never know them use a gamp.

The people who go Beagling,
Unlike the Hunting crowd,
Do not turn out in coats of red,
With shiny toppers on their head;
And spurs are classed, I've heard it said,
As definitely "loud."
All that your honest Beagler needs
Are quiet caps and noisy tweeds.

The people who go Beagling
And chivvy hares about
Through prickly hedge, o'er awkward stile
And round the fields for many a mile,
Soon gain a vast amount of guile,
Because, there is no doubt,
He's nothing but the Mutt of Mutts
Who takes long runs and not short cuts!

B. W.

Two specimens of pottery pieces by Miss Aline Ellis on view at the Sporting Gallery, 7, Grafton Street, W. In addition to her clever work which, in the main, consists of horses, dogs, and sporting subjects, Miss Ellis is also showing many of her attractive drawings and etchings

Yevonde

MRS. RICHARD HERBERT.

Two new portraits of the attractive wife of Mr. Richard Herbert, Grenadier Guards, who is a nephew of Lord Treowen. Mrs. Herbert, before her marriage in 1927, was Miss Marjorie du Pre, and is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. du Pre, of Wilton Park, Beaconsfield. Her sister, Miss Betty du Pre, is engaged to Lord Churston

"Rome Express"

Some First-Class Passengers on its Record-breaking Run from the New Victoria

The première of "Rome Express," the new Gaumont-British film, was a brilliant affair; it was held in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital. On the left is Mr. Jack Dunfee paying his "bit" to Miss Benita Hume; their engagement was announced last week

Right: Mr. Cecil Latta, Mr. Terence Weldon, Mrs Mary Booker, and Mrs. Macdonald at the party which followed and which went on until nearly dawn

Above: Some passengers on their way to take their seats, including Mr. and Mrs. Simon Elwes, Lord and Lady Jersey, Mrs. Somerset Maugham, Mr. J. Sutro, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Campbell, and Mr. Cecil Beaton

Above: Lady Ra dale, talking to Derek Williams the left is Mr.

Below, left, is Joan as she appears in th she went to the Ne toria to see herself screen, and so did Harker, Donald C and Harold Hut are in the din scene below. On t is Esther Ralsto plays the part of illusioned film-star

Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught were present, and were in Lady Howard de Walden's party

Left: All ready to give the "Express" a good send-off: Miss Esther Grant, Mr. Eric Moir, Miss Oriel Ross, and Mr. Denys Skeffington

Below are the Hon. Mrs. Borwick, Lady Adare and Mr. McEwan, and below again is Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, who was one of the organisers, and brought a party, talking to a friend

Mr. Clifford Gray, the author of "Rome Express," went to see the film with Mrs. Gray

Ravens- to Mr. ams; on Ir. Sieff

Joan Barry, in the film; New Vic- rself on the did Gordon d Calthrop, Huth, who dining-car On the right lston, who of the dis- star heroine

Lady Moira Combe, Mr. Francis Ricardo, Mr. Peter Brassey, and Miss Jan Ricardo were a quartette of passengers to Rome who seem to have enjoyed the trip. Everyone was commenting on the brilliance of the direction, for which Mr. Walter Forde was responsible

PERSONALITIES IN PLASTICINE

No. 4: George Robey

Modelled and Designed by Zec

GEORGE ROBEY AS SANCHO PANZA IN DON QUIXOTE

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

I MUST be under the weather, for I am sorely tempted to say that in this dreariest of Novembers Rugby football has become the dreariest of games. A stupid generalisation, of course, brought about, it may be, by watching a couple of games a week, in which the players, poor wretches! have fumbled at a greasy ball and slithered on treacherous turf, and generally lost themselves in the prevailing mist. From a sheltered corner in the Press-box I can see them now, the unhappy innocents, and I begin to wonder whether my optimism at the beginning of the season was not a little premature.

I felt then, you may remember, that this year would bring about a revival in the general standard of Rugby football, and I looked forward to the appearance of young players of real promise. We had reached the nadir, I believed, and the pendulum must surely begin to swing towards the zenith again. A pretty fancy; but where, in fact, are these young players? Where, indeed, is this revival of which I wrote so gaily?

I MUST admit that, so far, there has been little to encourage us. The Blackheath backs gave us some happy moments early in the season, and the Cambridge forwards have scrummaged with encouraging vitality, but otherwise the game has shown no sign of renewed vigour. Bristol, Leicester, Birkenhead Park, Cardiff, Rosslyn Park, the Harlequins, London Scottish, Kent, Surrey, Hampshire, and Middlesex—all these teams I have seen in action, and still I am left wondering.

THE suspicion is forced upon me that the standard of play is still deplorably low, though I should dearly like to prove myself wrong. It may be, of course, that as the years pass by the onlooker loses his sense of proportion, and there is no doubt that time plays strange tricks with the memory. We immortalise the heroes of our playing days; I suppose my own standards are set by Wakefield, Conway, and Voyce, Davies and Kershaw, Lowe and Myers, just as older enthusiasts judge the present generation by the doings of Ronnie Poulton, and Adrian Stoop and Dickie Owen, Bancroft and Gamlin, Gabe and Gould and Basil Maclear.

I SHOULD like to believe that our modern players do not suffer by comparison with these giants of the past, and yet it is difficult to think of many contemporary footballers who are likely to gather legends round them. I can call to mind only two now playing—G. R. Beamish and G. P. S. Macpherson—who may unhesitatingly be ranked with the masters, though there will be tales told in days to come of W. C. Powell, with his strength and his reverse pass and his wilfulness, and of the long-striding, unaccountable Ian Smith.

BEAMISH is a truly great forward, of that there is no question, and no finer attacking centre than Macpherson has appeared since the war, or before the war, either, as I heard a venerable and much respected critic declare vehemently a little while ago. Of the rest, what are we going to say? Good players, some of them, but dare we call them great? Look, for instance, at the England team which beat Scotland last year. There was T. W. Brown, a polished and efficient full-back, often delightful to watch, but how does he compare with Bancroft or Gamlin, Ernie Crawford or Drysdale, or even Nepia of the 1924 All-Blacks? Then C. C. Tanner and C. D. Aarvold on the wings—they surely cannot be ranked with the real fliers, though I have a high regard for Aarvold's qualities as a footballer. D. W. Burland and R. A. Gerrard in the centre—there is strength here, certainly, but the subtlety is lacking. W. H. Elliot and B. C. Gadney at half-back, good club players, indeed, but not to be ranked with Davies and Kershaw, Nelson and Waddell, Sugden and Davy, Young and Kittermaster, to name only post-war partnerships. As for the forwards—Black, Hodgson, Webb, Hobbs, Vaughan Jones, Gregory and Longland—they fade away when we think of Wakefield, Conway, Cove-Smith, Luddington, Gardner, Edwards, Voyce, and Blakiston in 1922.

Past against Present

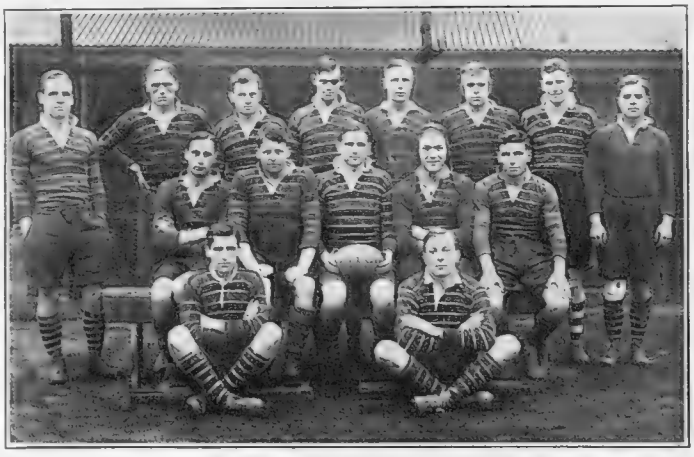
MIND you, I am arguing against my inclination, for it is possible that several of last year's English side will mature into greatness. What I am anxious to do is to establish a standard by which we may test the modern game, and obviously it is unfair to test it as a whole by our memories of individual players. On the other hand, we may select players in various positions—Wakefield as a forward, Davies and Kershaw as half-backs, Macpherson and Poulton as centres, Teddy Morgan and Lowe as wings, Gamlin as a full-back—and measure up our best players against them, or we may think in periods. I would be prepared to swear, for example, that the general level of play was higher ten years ago than it is to-day, and those who were playing twenty years ago will be equally emphatic about their own superiority.

AND now I come to a point which both puzzles and attracts me. I have a feeling that the judgment of players and spectators differs more considerably than we think. Suppose, let us say, that we are watching Blackheath, and Tallent runs well, but is tackled in possession. Poulton, we mutter, would have done much better than that, and what a pity it is, we add, that the game is going to the dogs. But imagine now that we are playing ourselves; we have broken up from a scrummage, and there is Tallent again, running superbly, but so closely marked we realise that it was impossible for him to do anything but die with the ball. And when we see him a few minutes later racing through a gap to score, do you question our certainty that he is a great player triumphing over the modern complexities of defence? Down here, on the field, we know what is happening and can assess a man's true value. Up there, in the stand, the speed of the game throws your judgment out; you miss the vital inches and seconds and are unreasonably disappointed.

Much may depend on the point of view.

England's Old Captains in the Field

R. Cove-Smith's team which played against King's College Hospital included himself and W. W. Wakefield, both Captains of England. The group shows: W. W. Whiles, G. B. Davis, T. K. Lyle (K.C.H.), J. E. Hutton (Harlequins and Scotland), H. Bradshaw (Richmond), J. H. Easton (K.C.H.), W. H. Scriven (K.C.H.), R. Cove-Smith (O.M.T.'s and England), W. W. Wakefield (Harlequins and England), R. R. F. McLennan (O.M.T.'s and England), P. Densham (Richmond), A. W. Brown (O.M.T.'s), A. B. Hewlett (K.C.H.)



King's College Hospital XV

G. R. Steed, E. H. P. Lassen, W. A. Carey, W. L. Kerr, S. O. Aylett, H. S. Mellows, A. B. Stokes, G. A. Barker, R. Thomas, S. O. Jones, J. D. Moore, S. G. Clayton, G. Gray, F. J. Chamberlain, and R. J. Gilpin. The result of the match was a draw of 8 points each

Books of the Week: By "Ericus"

"THERE is, with the possible exception of critical examination of the New Testament, no historical subject upon which so much energy and ingenuity have been spent as the life of Napoleon." Thus Mr. Hilaire Belloc in his preface to *The Saint Helena Journal of General Baron Gourgaud, 1815—1818* " (The Bodley Head; 15s.), translated into English for the first time by Sidney Gillard and edited by Norman Edwards.

One's only regret in connection with this genuine and intimate relation of the conversation, manner, and character of the great Bonaparte is that it comes to a close in 1818, when its compiler, General Gourgaud, left the island. If it had also covered the period of Napoleon's death in 1821, its value to us would have been enormously enhanced.

The Saint Helena Journal is a text-book for Napoleonic historians. But it goes much further than that, for it gives us an illuminating character-study of a great man at his worst! Napoleon, admittedly, had cause for irritation, apart from the matter of his private disappointments, for Gourgaud, with his childish craving for the notice and appreciation of his idol, must have been a maddening companion for a thoroughly embittered man. In fact, I am not sure that the character of Gourgaud, as revealed in his diary, is any less worthy of study than that of his master. He is certainly a pathetic figure in his fidelity and his tactlessness, his youthful vanity, and his diffidence. This uncongeniality of his seems a far more cogent reason for his retirement from St. Helena than the theory, tentatively suggested by Mr. Edwards, that he should make use of his freedom to enlist influential sympathy for his exiled leader.

The aspects that Gourgaud gives us of Napoleon's character are many and varied. His pride and his obstinacy; his affection for his faithful friends, Bertrand and Monthalon; his popularity with the ladies and soldiers of the garrison; his detestation for Sir Hudson Lowe, the Governor of the island; and the ordered habit of mind that enabled him to continue compiling his notes on the military and political ramifications of the period all go to make up a composite picture of the Emperor that no historian could give us.

We may wonder, perhaps, at Napoleon's choice of a policy, in captivity, of constant and querulous complaint, in preference to one of dignified silence. But we must sympathise with him in his tragic loneliness and in a certain lack of generosity with which he was, on occasion, treated by the British Government. This unfortunate spirit is shown by their refusal to allow him his title of "Emperor." To a man of Napoleon's stamp this must have been an intolerable slight.

MR. RHYS DAVIES'S new novel, *The Red Hills* (Putnam: 7s. 6d.) has in its composition a touch of the cave-man stuff that films are made of. Indeed, I have amused myself with evolving for it one of those ungrammatical imbecilities flung on the screen in a cinema to advertise a "forthcoming attraction." "And so the Elemental Forces of Nature are Beguiled by Womanly Wile and the Lion of the Mountains lies down at last with the Lamb of Love."

Let me now reassure you. The bare bones of a story are always easy picking for the would-be humorist. Mr. Davies is far too skilled a craftsman to allow his "strong stuff" to degenerate into burlesque. Consequently, this grim and somewhat sordid story of an outcast in the Welsh hills and his love for a woman of civilisation is handled so powerfully and, at the same time, so intelligently, that one's interest never flags. Mr. Davies knows his Welsh coal-fields and their crude occupants, and his vigour and sincerity are a tonic in these decadent days.

Yevonde

Baroness Hatveny

A new portrait of the author of "Children in Uniform," an adaptation of which play is having a successful run at the Duchess Theatre

AS a self-confessed dealer in "Thrillers," Mr. Val Gielgud possesses two invaluable assets: a real gift for characterisation and an ability to cloak incredible events in a guise of reality. *The Broken Men* (Constable: 7s. 6d.) is an excellent example of his ingenuity. In less capable hands this improbable story of an international conspiracy and its exposure might have declined into the usual series of miraculous escapes, with nothing to recommend it but the breathless impossibility of its situations. But it is by under-statement, rather than by exaggeration, that Mr. Gielgud gets his effects. His hero and heroine are a pleasantly unsentimental young couple, his villain a bon viveur with a sense of humour, and their history is distinguished more for the speed and animation of its telling than for the hair-raising nature of its incidents. This is definitely one of the better "shockers."

IN *Valse Caprice* (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.) Mr. Gavin Holt departs from his usual line of country and strikes a new note, if I may be pardoned both the mixed metaphor and the obvious witticism. He strikes, in fact, several notes. For his story deals with a circle of youthful musicians in pre-war Berlin and the effect on their subsequent careers of a valse composed by one of their number. The book is uneven, the second half being a great deal better than the first, but Mr. Holt manages his complicated plot dexterously, and his characters, particularly in the war and post-war scenes, with understanding and sympathy.

THE American "apartment novel" is about due for a pious interment. *The Rakish Halo*, by Harriet Henry (Stanley Paul; 7s. 6d.), is the mixture as before. For two hundred and eighty-seven pages we watch Julie Blair retaining a precarious hold on the halo accorded her by her less fastidious friends. On the two hundred and eighty-eighth and final page, her grip relaxes. Perhaps this is what you were waiting for!

MY admiration for Mr. J. A. Mollison, hero of a hundred flights, is equalled only by my determination to remain on the ground. Hence, despite my "air-heedlessness"—to coin an antithesis to "air-mindedness"—I was duly impressed by his accounts of his flying experiences in *Death Cometh Soon or Late* (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.). One wishes, perhaps, that he had confined himself to these, for the earlier portions of his book have no particular significance—it is strange, by the way, to find an autobiographist omitting the date and place of his birth! However, when Mr. Mollison comes to describe his major record-breaking flights, my interest was thoroughly roused, for they make a brave tale of dangers and difficulties overcome, sometimes by technical skill, sometimes by blind instinct, "when the brain seemed too tired to deal with the situation and the will refused to act."

LINCOLN'S INN is the centre of a district peculiarly rich in romantic tradition. It abounds with associations, legal, literary and dramatic, and within its boundaries is to be found material for much of the social history of London during the past three hundred years. The charms, both past and present, of this congenial neighbourhood are portrayed in great detail and with affectionate skill by Mr. E. Beresford Chancellor in *The Romance of Lincoln's Inn Fields* (Richards Press; 12s. 6d.).

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

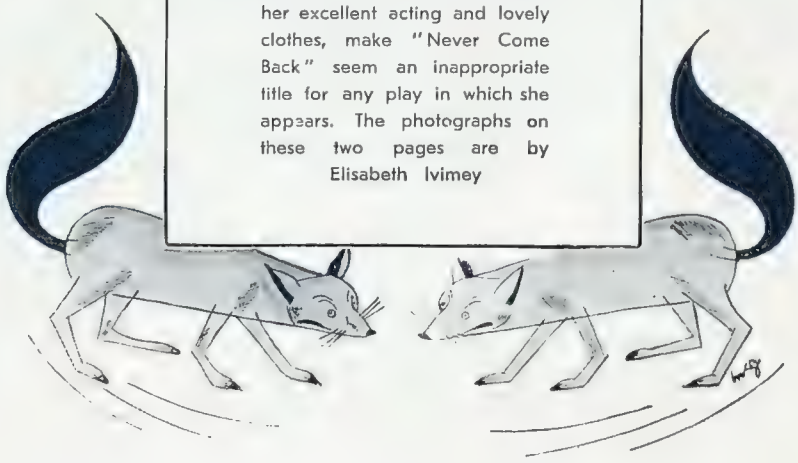
Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Yevonde

The Long and the Short of our Evening Wraps

MRS. GRANT MASON, the attractive blonde daughter of Mrs. Lawson-Johnston, has an amusing short coat of black taffeta, with a flared basque and balloon sleeves, but Miss Mala Brand has chosen a coat from Paquin which reaches almost to her ankles and is made of white corduroy velvet trimmed with chinchilla

MISS ADRIENNE ALLEN has chosen a short cape made of twin silver foxes to accompany her silver-spotted white dress from Molyneux. Her blonde beauty, combined with her excellent acting and lovely clothes, make "Never Come Back" seem an inappropriate title for any play in which she appears. The photographs on these two pages are by Elisabeth Ivimey



Miss Elizabeth Jenns poses in a green velvet Lanvin gown from Albert and Johnson in front of Gluck's decorative painting of lilies, which is now on view at the Fine Arts Galleries

Hot News for

Ice Skaters

1. A BLACK jersey coat and skirt has a blouse and scarf of black, grey and white stripes. Note the gauntlets of the same material and the amusing knitted hat. This is a Matita model

2. A SMART skating suit has a corduroy velvet skirt and a blouse of contrasting colour, with an embroidered monogram and a round, high neckline. From Marshall and Snelgrove

3. FORTNUM AND MASON have a range of the most attractive woollen blouses in all sorts of mixed plaids and checks. The superbly large gloves also come from the same house

4. NAVY blue jersey, blue and white striped jersey and a very low price are just a few of the attractions of this suit, which has a matching scarf and amusing small hat. From H. J. Nicoll

5. A STRIPED cross-over blouse in wool and a well-cut pleated skirt makes a good skating outfit. The striped blouses may be obtained in a number of colour combinations from Debenhams

6. UNUSUALLY good cutting makes this navy jersey dress with the white stripes a real find. The short coat, of plain navy blue, has interesting shoulders and a striped scarf. From Woollands

7. A CIRCULAR black skirt and a very dashing coat of white leather is suggested by Richard Sands and, to accompany it, a short woollen scarf with striped ends and a cap to match

Shepherd's Market Goes French

"Le Bon Viveur"

Above: Princess Paul Troubetskoy and Lord Victor Paget at Le Bon Viveur, the new club in Shepherd's Market, which is decorated to represent a village in Provence

Londoners have never been given the chance of eating and drinking on the pavements—they have had to cross over to France for that. Now they can go to Le Bon Viveur, in Shepherd's Market, and dine under a street-lamp

Below: M. Louis Dezart, the designer, who has so cleverly been able to create an atmosphere where any Continent-fan can feel at home. The club is run by M. Davico

A photograph of the cocktail-bar, which is disguised as an ice-cream barrow. The cash desk looks like a Paris newspaper kiosk, and the carpet represents the cobble-stoned street

Photographs by Sasha

Lady Mainwaring and Colonel Alston visit what is now the Provençal quarter of Shepherd's Market together. One can lunch, drink cocktails, dine, and dance there at this amusing club

Up and down the country motorists are driving the latest Hillmans . . . learning what a difference "Cushioned Power" does make to motoring. The new **WIZARD** from **£280** gives the highest level of performance and comfort ever attained in its price class . . . with the new "Cyclonic" Induction giving vivid acceleration, astonishing power output and low running costs . . . and there are three new full **7-SEATER WIZARDS** from **£350** . . . The sturdy **MINX** 10/30 h.p. from **£159** is a big car in all but cost . . . a light car with large looks and performance.

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THE "BIRD" THAT SCORES

A "BIRDIE" BUYS THE

"BLACK & WHITE"

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

"Steel Shaft's" Open Letters

No. 2. To Miss Enid Wilson — On Self-dissatisfaction

DEAR BYSTANDER—

IT was all very well last week when "Steel Shaft" was attacking the world of ladies' golf in general in her Open Letter. Now she's getting down to grips with each player in turn I'm beginning to feel almost frightened. What if some of these players should turn and rend her? Do you and I have to hurl ourselves into the fray and separate them? I can only repeat, Editors do not hold themselves responsible for the opinions of their correspondents.

MY DEAR MISS WILSON—

I WISH you could have brought back that American Championship with you; real pity that you didn't. I want to hear the real ins and outs of it, particularly as your opponent was unknown to us. Wonder, now, if that had something to do with it. You've a way of being a bit high-handed, haven't you? about other people's play, other people's style, other people's courses, most of all, other people's opinions. That's a pity, too, worse than losing the American Championship—likely to stop you winning a great deal. You never (at least, you're too young to have seen them at all in their prime) saw Miss Leitch or Miss Wethered holding an opponent cheap. Suppose you try for a change thinking that other people can play golf well even if their methods aren't yours. Don't think I mind your contempt for your own bad shots; plenty of people I know object when you say you've played "muck" after getting round somewhere in the late 70's. But I don't; playing the golf you can play, it *is* muck if you don't keep near fours, though I don't awfully like the expression. Only, don't say it in front of your opponent, because she may have been much bucked at giving you a pretty good match. I would suggest, though, that opponents are sometimes touchy, and so would recommend that you don't turn your back on them when they are putting, even if you would rather study the sky or your own toes instead of their contortions. Don't abuse women's golf in general, and the L.G.U. in particular, unless you can suggest some really workable way of improving things. Dash it all, we must have some authority in the game, and if it weren't for the L.G.U. there would be no championships for you to win.

I THINK your attitude about the home internationals is a wrong one, but, after all, somebody else was glad enough to get your place, and England won this year without you. I can't help feeling that it's a bit ridiculous for you to talk of the strain of three matches in two days just because they're called Internationals, when at least two of those matches ought to be very easy going for you, seeing the golfer you are. And as for the physical tiredness of it, that cannot possibly compare with five hours' practice in the day, which you will cheerfully do any time. Still, I suppose it's your own affair, only I do not like to hear other people abuse you, because my own opinion is that you're a really good sort and sport, only you do sometimes give an unfortunate impression because you care so little what other people think of you. You hate anyone to think that you've got a kind heart, but a good many people have found out that you have—very kind—however much you try to hide it up.

Yours critically,
STEEL SHAFT.

MY correspondent certainly writes with asperity, and it is no doubt very hard to be a champion, but if Lady Denman is right and criticism is what ladies' golf needs, then I can only hope that Miss Wilson will swallow the pill manfully and only be the better golfer for it. I am quite sure she will. I remember long ago being begged by the world at large to suggest to Miss Wilson that her choice in stockings, or some such detail, was unfortunate. Trembling, I dared to say it, and she took it like a lamb. Accordingly—I think this question that "Steel Shaft" raises of self-*dis*satisfaction is a very interesting one. Miss Wilson hitches her wagon to a star, and is very disappointed whenever the wheels creak a bit; many other people are content with such humble performances from themselves that all the hope they might have of improvement is wiped out. I don't mean that they are conceited or think they are really good, but they don't believe themselves to be capable of anything better.

SO if it is a form of conceit to say you have played badly when a good many other people would have given their eyes to have played half as well, it is certainly a form of laziness to think you play quite as well as you can expect to do when there are obvious and quite needless flaws in your game. I'd rather have Miss Wilson's relentless criticism of herself than that. It is all very difficult, and I often think that the poor young golfer has a very hard time of it at the start of her career. If, after doing something brilliant, she is complimented, and replies: "Yes, I did play well," she is dubbed swollen-headed; if, on the other hand, she says: "It was a rotten round," she is still more apt to have said of her that she must think herself a Joyce Wethered if she expects to play better than that. Of course, if she is wily, she adds a "to-day" on to the admission of having played well, and the suggestion that her game is here to-day, gone to-morrow, may be taken as representing a pretty attitude of humility. But because the young golfer, without much experience of success, or anything else, is frankly pleased with a win, and not so deceitful as to pretend something else, she is dubbed swollen-headed. It is really rather a shame.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

The well-known golfer, Miss Enid Wilson, to whom "Steel Shaft" writes on this page an Open Letter

Miss Enid Wilson

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf: 'Varsity Topics

At the moment of writing, both Moss, captain of golf at Oxford, and Thompson, captain at Cambridge, have issued invitations to seven undergraduates out of the total number of ten who will represent their Universities in the match at Prince's next year. In view of the fact that the University Match does not take place for so long, it may seem a little odd that both captains have made up their minds to such an extent at such a very early date. But perhaps they are wise, for there is nothing so unsettling to a young golfer as to be on trial for a very lengthy period, striving for his place in the side. On the other hand, I myself am very sceptical as to whether this premature choice of players is a sound scheme. It seems to me that the sort of man you want to play for you in a needle match of any description is the sort of man who is perfectly capable of withstanding a long period of trial without flinching—the type who has both skill and guts—the sort of man, in fact, who proves himself by his performances over a lengthy period.

The League G.S. played Cambridge University in a two days' match at the Royal Worlington and Newmarket Golf Club links, at Newmarket. Above are T. B. Whitaker (League) and G. R. Chronander (Cambridge). Further pictures on page 402

It is perfectly true that those who have received their Blues at Oxford and Cambridge have already given some signs of this very quality, but, on the other hand, it is quite possible that they may lose a good deal of their form in the interval of nearly four months which must elapse before the match takes place, and perhaps some others may come on who, maybe, will deserve a place in the team more than do these men themselves when the time comes. If these golfers are assured of their positions already, a tendency to slackness may creep into their game, which, although it may only be of very temporary duration, yet is the very devil and all to eradicate once the vicious bug has got into the system. There is nothing so easy to disarrange as the golf swing, and the smallest fault may grow into a cancer: now the smallest fault nearly always comes from a little over-confidence.

Mr. E. T. Campbell, M.P., captain of the Parliamentary Golf Team, at Bickley, greeting Mr. W. S. Gray, captain of the Bromley and Bickley Club

It is for this reason that I, personally, am opposed to the modern fashion of selecting international sides some months, or even weeks, before the actual match is to take place, or of choosing, say, twenty names, out of which eight will be finally selected. It is not possible—human nature being so contrary—always to decide at this premature period that the twenty names selected will be the twenty players, out of perhaps a hundred with claims for consideration, who will be playing best at the time of the match. There may be two or three others who, in open competitions, may prove themselves better than some of those who have been named in the twenty—who may have done better, perhaps, than some of those who will finally be selected in the eight. If I am told that these, of course, have played themselves into the side and will be selected regardless of the previous announcements, then I, in my turn, ask for what purpose those twenty names were published at all? The whole point seems to me to have been lost if an announcement is made that a side will be chosen from twenty selected people, and yet others are to be considered as well.

To revert, however, to these Oxford and Cambridge Blues and to another aspect of the matter, which does not merely concern golf at schools, but which is also a matter of some importance to international golf in general. It is noticeable that for the game of golf those who represent their Universities are, strictly speaking, only entitled to fifty per cent. of the Blues which are usually erroneously accorded them by the daily newspapers, although this is a very small point. Golf is such an important game nowadays, to the elderly, to the middle-aged and to the young, that it is rather surprising that a full Blue is not accorded by the Universities to their representatives on the links. The University Matches at Twickenham, at Stamford Bridge, and at Lord's are all matches which are of Empire-wide interest, and consequently of some importance. They are, in fact, not merely events of their respective seasons, but events which provoke the consideration and sometimes financial concern of complete outsiders. Now, in the world of golf the 'Varsity Match provokes just as much interest. This, in itself, may not be a good argument for the granting of a full Blue to those partaking in the match, but it is quite a reasonable handle.

It has often been said, particularly by parents with boys at school, that golf does not teach the virtues which can be learnt at other games. I will content myself with replying that it is as easy to lose one's temper at golf and just as disastrous as it is in any of the more violent games; that a full day's golf, consisting of two rounds over a long golf course, is probably of greater value from the point of view of exercise than an hour and a-half of hectic physical activity; and that play by foursomes allows just as much scope for team-work as do those games in which team-work is more generally recognised as an essential. I cannot help feeling, although it may sound a somewhat preposterous statement, that if the Universities were to accord a full Blue to golf it would give the game perhaps just that amount of fillip which is necessary to the youthful generation for us to have a chance of success in the Walker Cup Match against America, because it might give parents an insight into the importance of what they may consider to be rather an "old gentleman's" game, and make them go into the matter for themselves, with the result that they would realise not merely how good a game is golf, but how good it is for their sons.

The Prince in Northern Ireland

L. to r. (Front Row), Mr. W. D. Smyth, the Prince's partner, Mr. F. Rodgers, Col. A. Fullerton, and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales; at the back, Major Hammond Smith and the Rt. Hon. Harry Mulholland, M.P.

Playing from plus 4, Fulford, in his plus-fours, overwhelmed G. Gilmour, playing in his minus tights, as will be noted below

Ted Ray, seen on the right, took his partner, G. Lavender, for a ride and then shot him to pieces in the rough

J. Wilson, Secretary of the L.G.O. Golfing Society, was one up on the Pro.'s by way of a speech at luncheon

"Nobby" Clark, the best and biggest plus-fours of the Busmen, tried to mix the drive with Arthur Havers

E. Gilmour conducted his game without the usually seen punch

J. H. Taylor, seen left, gave his young busman friend, J. Bodineade, a good hiding and lessons at the same time; while on the right S. Goodberry had the pleasure of seeing Professor A. J. Lacey burn up the course

Pro.'s v. Busmen at Moor Park

The Busmen's Holiday Fares Badly by Losing by Twenty Matches to One: *Sketches by H. H. Harris*

The Empire's Air-Line to Cape Town

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Mrs. Mollison, who is a member of the London Aeroplane Club, photographed at Stag Lane before her record-breaking flight in a Puss Moth to Cape Town. With her, from left to right, are other women pilots: Miss Pauline Gower and Miss Dorothy Spicer, who have made flying their profession, and Miss Acombe, from Canada

Much interest has been displayed in the West Coast route to South Africa since the fast British and French flights made this year. Our picture shows Sir Ransford Slater, K.C.M.G., third from left, who was Governor of the Gold Coast last year, with Flight Lt. C. H. Bremridge on one side and an air-minded West African king on the other. The whole party made a flight over Accra during a demonstration tour in the all-metal Junkers seen in the background

The West Coast Route?

Of Mrs. Mollison's flight to Cape Town, beating her husband's record by ten and a half hours, it is possible only to add THE BYSTANDER'S congratulations to those of the rest of the world. Her's was a triumph of endurance and skill in navigation, gaining also further laurels for the Puss Moth, its Gipsy Major engine, aided and abetted by Wakefield's "Castrol," plugs by K.L.G., and the Shell organisation for petrol en route. Much discussion has been aroused as to the relative merits of the East and West Coast air-routes to South Africa, the latter being more than 1000 miles shorter than that via Egypt and Kenya. It has no other advantages for regular operations at the present time; aerodromes and landing-grounds are widely scattered; no meteorological, wireless, or commercial facilities have been created, and the route crosses French, British, Belgian, and Portuguese territory alternately before South Africa is reached. This last complication is a real drawback in so far as an all-British service is concerned; any future air-line via the West Coast must be internationally controlled. As opposed to the apparent disadvantage of flying another thousand miles to reach Cape Town, the passenger by Imperial Airways' service will always enjoy freedom from many Customs, passport, and language difficulties, in addition to which years of experience will have been gained before the West Coast route is a practical and commercial possibility.

Foresight in Air Affairs

Mr. H. G. WELLS's broadcast on the need of foresight in planning the world of the future, in order to take full advantage of the inventions of to-day and profit by the mistakes of the past, is applicable to flying more than to any other modern science. His reference to the state of chaos to be found on our roads is timely, for we are equally unprepared for the rapid extension of air-travel, and the main point of his remarks is, what are we going to do about it? Last week I drew attention to the lack of aerodromes, ten counties in England alone being unapproachable except by a forced landing—forced, in the sense that a pilot must take the chance of finding a good field. Government control of flying is either too strict, cramping progress and invention, or hopelessly out of date—witness many of the clauses in the International Air Convention. Legislation by departments or committees is too slow for the rapidly-moving sciences of to-day; and we want a dictator of foresight for aviation, not a professor.

The Paris Aero Show

The days of the indoor aero exhibition are numbered, if one can judge from the unrepresentative display given in Paris at the present time. Perhaps I should qualify this criticism by saying that a Show restricted to light aeroplanes and accessories for the private owner may well be of great value in a few years' time, when types and buyers are more numerous, but the method of to-day, with a mixture of fighters, bombers, flying-boats, light 'planes, and gadgets, pleases no one particularly, because true comparisons are impossible. The British Aircraft Industry's exhibition at Hendon after the last R.A.F. Display was an example of the right way to sell aeroplanes, for buyers could see them in their natural surroundings, watch them in action, and go up as passengers if they wished. As an excuse for a visit to Paris, the Show serves its purpose well. One knows that everyone else will be there some time during the fortnight, so that a certain amount of useful business is transacted merely by meeting people from other countries.

British Military Aircraft

The British contingent of exhibits is in a class by itself, including as it does Hawker, Fairey, and Bristol machines, Rolls-Royce, Armstrong-Siddeley, and Bristol engines. The various combinations of these machines and engines produce the finest fighting equipment in the world, a fact which is appreciated on the Continent, where at least half of the European Air Forces rely for their first line of attack on British 'planes. The new Wibault monoplane for Air Union and the freight-carrier built by Lioré et Olivier are French types of interest to commercial operators, but the first cannot compare in comfort with our "Hannibal" or "Atalanta" class, and the latter has yet to prove itself superior to older German machines. The Italians are faithful to their twin-hull flying-boat, the Savoia, which they claim is excellent for military purposes, and one would be interested to see it applied on commercial routes.

"Northern Lights"

This book is the official record of the British Arctic Air Route expedition to Greenland, led by the late Mr. H. G. Watkins, and is a fitting tribute to the memory of one whose enterprise made it possible. Apart from the use of the word "official" as giving status to the story, there is nothing of the Blue Book about this amazingly interesting account of modern exploration, which is published by Chatto and Windus. Nearly one hundred pictures form in themselves a story of adventure.

Well Met: Some Hunting Engagements

Baron Nisco Eurico, who has come over from Rome for the hunting season, and Mrs. J. T. Pearce, talking to Mrs. Jack at a Pytchley meet

Poole, Dublin

Above: At East Farndon, near Market Harborough, when the Pytchley met there recently: Captain Eric Palmer and Mrs. Weber-Brown

Left: Miss Olive Plunket drinking cherry brandy at Killeen Castle, when the Meath met there; she and Lord Milton are planning their wedding for the New Year

Above: Another photograph taken when the Pytchley met at East Farndon: Mr. F. H. Pearson, Mrs. Eric Palmer and Mrs. Jack

The Oxford Drag went out to Boar's Hill after a fox that was too fond of the local chickens: on the right are Mr. J. Mercer-Nairne and Mr. J. Lakin, both whips, Mrs. Howard King, hostess at the meet, Mr. Peter Oldfield, the Master, and the Hon. Peter Samuel, another whip

The Oxford University Draghounds Try Fox-Chasing

SPORT with the LID OFF

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

IN a couple of days' time we shall be all worked up about the first Test Match at Sydney, which begins on Friday. As far as I can see, this Match will be given a record amount of publicity, for, quite apart from competitions, all the newspapers have engaged famous cricketers to write comments on the play. Even the B.B.C. is joining in the excitement, and although as I write they have not decided upon a commentator, they propose to relay eye-witness accounts of the match from Australia.

Well, I suppose it is all to the good that we should relax occasionally, and forget Disarmament Conferences and Debt Settlements in our concern for the success of eleven cricketers on the other side of the world.

AT least I am certain of one thing, that we are desperately keen that England should regain the Ashes. No mealy-mouthed, may-the-better-side-win stuff this time, but a fight-till-we-drop, devil-take-the-hindmost attitude is apparent everywhere. And for encounters of this kind we have the right sort of captain, for Jardine likes his cricket with the gloves off.

I think, myself, that England should win, though my latest information is that in Melbourne the odds are 5 to 4 on Australia. Personally, I should reverse those odds, mainly on account of the superior M.C.C. attack.

THERE is, to my mind, no doubt whatever that, in bowling, England have the whip-hand. Australia may pin their faith to the crafty Grimmett, and possibly O'Reilly, also a spin-bowler, will be included, but where are the Australian counters to Larwood, Allen, and Voce, with Bowes in reserve as an additional speed merchant? The tall Nagel, who took eight for 32 against the M.C.C., is most unlikely to repeat the performance. I gather that he is simply a medium-pace off-spin bowler, and that he took those wickets largely because he was helped by a strong wind blowing against him, and enabling him to swing the ball unexpectedly. As a matter of fact, Nagel may not be chosen, for, quite possibly, the Australians will prefer Ironmonger, despite the fact that he is a very poor field.

WHETHER we are to take Bradman's form against the M.C.C. as significant remains to be seen. He certainly has fared poorly, and there is some justification for supposing that he is unhappy when Larwood is bowling at him. Still, I have an idea that he will play very differently in the Tests, and there is no denying that he has made plenty of runs against Larwood in England.

We must take it for granted, I fancy, that Australia will be extremely difficult to uproot, but so will England, with Sutcliffe, Leyland, Pataudi, Hammond and Jardine to start the batting. The point is that England have the shock-troops, and thus have a better chance of hobbing out one or two of their more dangerous opponents early in the proceedings.

Incidentally, I shall be interested to note how young McCabe fares for Australia, for he is, to my way of thinking, the most

Lord John Hope (Ch. Ch.), right, winning in the half-mile event at the University Relay Trials to decide the team to oppose Cambridge

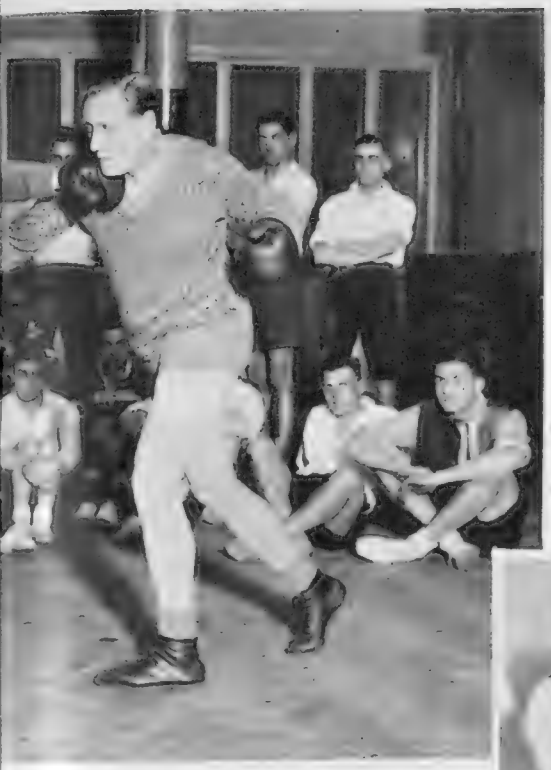
Sasha

Mr. E. L. Gardner, who organised the Maidenhead Cricket Club dance, with Miss Joan Akroyd, at the Hotel de Paris, Bray

Bassano

Miss Marjorie White, the well-known golfer, whose engagement has been announced to Mr. A. H. H. Gilligan, the equally well-known cricketer, who also figures in the photograph. Mr. Gilligan seems to have deserted first class cricket

Cambridge University beat Newport. The picture shows a Cambridge player



Bombardier Billy Wells is now an instructor at the Mayfair Gymnasium, Great Portland Street, W. He is seen above, with his son, giving some lessons to beginners in the noble art

attractive batsman in the Australian side, with just that touch of genius about him which always makes me expect to hear that he has done something phenomenal.

AND now to Rugby football, and the first England Trial teams in particular. These trial teams are always rather misleading, and it would be a great mistake to suppose that they represent the Selectors' choice of the thirty best players in England. There are one or two players who are far more likely to play for England than most of those selected for this game at Sunderland, and J. A. Tallent, the Blackheath centre, is one of them. Tallent, at the moment, is about the best centre playing—a view which I think the Selectors hold themselves—but some of the lesser-known players must have their chance. J. R. Corner, of the Hartlepool Rovers, for example, has earned a trial, though no one outside his own area has ever heard of him. I doubt whether he will go much further, but it is always possible that he and his like may surprise us.

Then it is rather odd to find E. E. Richards, tough little scrum-half though he is, preferred to A. Key, who is playing better than ever this year, and can throw out a long, fast pass. Here, again, there is no need to imagine that Key has been overlooked. The Selectors know all about him, and if Gadney fails, Key will be strongly in the running for his place.

Mrs. J. B. Pittman, Captain of the Ladies' team, shaking hands with Lord Donegall, Captain of the Men's team, after a battle of the sexes at squash racquets which was played recently at the International Sportsmen's Club

ONE more point: it is quite certain the the English Selectors will adhere to the practice of picking forwards for special places in the scrummage, despite Mr. R. F. Oakes's views on the subject. Mr. Oakes makes the Yorkshire forwards abide by the International Board circular, and pack on the "first up, first down" principle. The result, in county matches, has been complete chaos, and the difficulty of getting the ball into the scrummage has been increased a hundredfold. The remaining four Selectors, Messrs. Daniell, Roberts, Coverdale, and Prentice, were definitely not impressed by the Yorkshire scrummaging when Yorkshire played Lancashire the other day.

I am sorry, by the way, to hear that N. K. Lamport, the Oxford Rugby Captain, has erysipelas of the knee, a troublesome complaint, though he assures me that he will be fit in time for the 'Varsity match.

WHILE we are talking of 'Varsity affairs, it seems probable that the relay match between Oxford and Cambridge on Saturday will be a mighty close business. Oxford appear to be fairly safe for the four miles and the four half-miles, and Cambridge should take the high hurdles and the sprints. Everything may turn, therefore, on the quarter-mile relay and the low hurdles. Oxford may pull it off, but the best an Oxford supporter can say is that they have at least a reasonable chance.

FINALLY, a note about young Jack Petersen. I lunched with him the other day, when he was up in London after his cargo-boat voyage, and he tells me that he now goes round about the 13-stone mark. He is anxious to get back to work, and ready to take on any suitable opponent, but I hope very much that he will not attempt to make cruiser-weight limit in order to defend his British cruiser-weight title. It would, I am convinced, be a great mistake for him to reduce his weight, and he should concentrate on the heavies. There are plenty of big men about for him to tackle, but I must add that the prospect of a fight between the swift Petersen and the lethargic Pettifer does not interest me, though it is on the cards. His most attractive opponent would be Walter Neusel, of Germany, a boxer very like him in method and performance.

SINCE writing my note about cricket down-under, the score for the first day's play of the M.C.C. v. New South Wales has just come to hand, and I see that young McCabe, with a score of 67, has justified the nice things I said about him. Also, it is clear that Tate is very much on the spot with his bowling, and it must have rejoiced his heart to bag Bradman with his second ball.

...tt Cambridge by 8 points to nil, after a good match. ...making strenuous efforts to effect a break-through

"Kati and the Devil" is being presented at the New Theatre, Oxford, by the University Opera Society. Above is a scene entitled "One of Hell's Games"

Ian Peebles on CRICKET

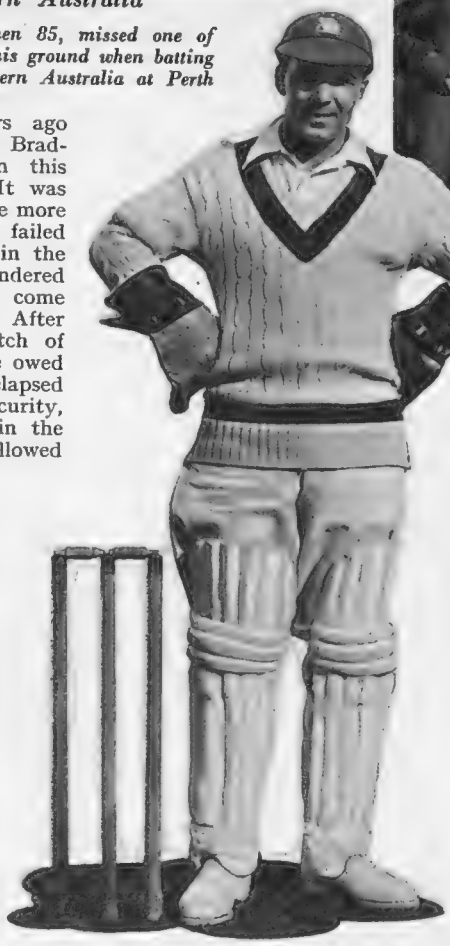
Mainly about Bradman

M.C.C. v. Western Australia

The Nawab of Pataudi, when 85, missed one of E. Martin's slows, but held his ground when batting for the M.C.C. against Western Australia at Perth

ALMOST precisely four years ago to-day, the name of Don Bradman became known in this country for the first time. It was noted with polite interest by the more ardent followers of cricket, but failed to inspire any feeling of awe in the general public, who merely wondered how any man's birthplace had come to be called Cootamundra. After playing in the first Test Match of the '28 series, to which fact he owed this wave of publicity, he relapsed again into comparative obscurity, being dropped from the side in the panic that, not unnaturally, followed a record defeat. However, on being reinstated for the third Test Match at Brisbane, he showed his real form, and was a well-established member of the regular Australian side at the end of the series.

IT was not until the English tour of 1930 that he became pre-eminent, as, at the beginning of the tour, Archie Jackson was generally considered his superior. At the end of a month's play, the whole outlook had been altered—Jackson's failure to get going being greatly emphasised in the fierce glare of Bradman's success. Jackson's supporters regarded him much in the light of a financier whose brilliance had landed him in jug, while his rival had become the central figure of the cricket world—a position he holds unchallenged to-day.



Stumper and Batsman, too!

Ames, the Kent wicket-keeper, who, up to the present, has not found his true batting form in Australia

That he is the greatest run-getter in the world is indisputable, but those of us who have seen him bat on a turning wicket would hesitate to say that he was the greatest of all batsmen. When the ball does unexpected things, certain shortcomings in Bradman's technique become apparent which, on a true wicket, are discounted by his keenness of eye and speed of foot. On wet and damaged wickets, therefore, I consider that there are several sounder players in this country, and that, on his own side, Bill Ponsford is a much more convincing player.

BRADMAN'S technique has not yet reached—and probably never will—the mechanical perfection of Hobbs or Woolley, but, as I have already said, except on bad wickets, his natural gifts outweigh these shortcomings. He picks his bat up in a manner no school-coach would allow; he leaves a gap between bat and leg when playing forward, and commits various other sins, but all with such speed and certainty that he very seldom suffers the appropriate penalty. To see him run down the wicket after a slow bowler is a sheer delight in itself—his feet really do twinkle. The one thing he does not do speedily is to walk to the wicket. He arrives out of the pavilion and on to the field at a pace that would make most funerals look frivolous. He proceeds the whole way to the wicket without accelerating in the slightest, and can generally rely on the ecstatic roars and cheers of his public to continue until he has taken guard and hitched up his trousers for the last time. Don says he does this to get accustomed to the light, which is probably very true; but the whole performance is rather reminiscent of Pachmann and his piano-stool—all of which has a pleasingly awe-inspiring effect on the uninitiated, who like a bit of "platform-manner."

Conversation and Lubrication

Over a friendly glass of something or other D. R. Jardine, the M.C.C. Captain, G. W. Miles, V.-P. of the Western Australia C.A., P. F. Warner, and R. N. C. Palairet, joint managers of the M.C.C. team, indulge in reminiscences

SHORT and rather stockily-built, Bradman (probably) increases his natural aptitude for all games by being a non-smoking teetotaller. He is a shrewd and self-possessed young man—amongst his many talents being a certain brilliance as a pianist. On the last Australian tour over here he even made a gramophone record which didn't seriously damage any musical critics. His popularity in Australia is such that it is said he could turn out a Government if he was so minded. At one time, Bradman was a fairly promising "googly" bowler, but when, at Oxford, he was hit for six by the writer, he sustained such damage to his reputation and self-respect that he has never really recovered from the blow.

In common with most of the cricket public, I am wondering if this tour will produce another figure like Bradman. It hardly seems likely, as in the thirteen names selected for the first Test there is only one new batsman. This is Fingleton, who is usually a No. 1 batsman, but will not, presumably, displace either Woodfull or Ponsford—in which case he will compete with Victor Richardson for the place of No. 6. I must say, the Australian batting down to No. 7 looks tremendously strong, but there is evidence of a tail. Woodfull, Ponsford, Bradman, Kippax, and McCabe are a toughish break for any trundler on a good wicket.

The Australian bowling seems well-balanced rather than terribly hostile. Despite Nagel's recent success, their chief strength lies in their slow bowling, and both Ironmonger and Grimmett are well known to our batsmen. O'Reilly sounds very awkward if he really bowls "quickish leg-breaks from high up," but Messrs. Sutcliffe and Co. will probably be able to deal with him.

They 're still laying 5 to 4 on Australia.

THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR

DECEMBER, 1932

1st to 15th inclusive

1st **Racing.** Kempton Park Steeplechases.
Shows. Birmingham Fat Stock Show closes.

2nd **Racing.** Newbury and Haydock Park Steeplechases.
Boxing. Civil Service B.C., Stadium Club. Stock Exchange B.C., Borers Passage, London.

3rd **Racing.** Newbury and Haydock Park Steeplechases.
Rugby. Glasgow v. Edinburgh, Glasgow. Welsh Trial Match, Cardiff. Upper Clapton v. Old Haberdashers, Bush Hill Park.
Hockey. Wimbledon v. United Services, Wimbledon. Blackheath v. Westminster Bank. Teddington v. Mid. Surrey, Bushey Park.
Diving. International Contest with Germany, Highgate.
Assoc. Football. 1st Round Welsh Senior Cup.

5th **Racing.** Leicester Steeplechases.
Shows. Smithfield Club Cattle Show, Royal Agricultural Hall. Newton Abbot Fat Stock. Horse Show and Bloodstock sales, Newmarket.

6th **Racing.** Leicester Steeplechases.
Shows. Smithfield Club Cattle Show, Royal Agricultural Hall. Horse Show and Bloodstock sales, Newmarket. Tavistock Fat Stock.
Rugby. Oxford v. Cambridge, Twickenham.

7th **Racing.** Gatwick & Worcester.
Shows. Smithfield Club Cattle Show, Royal Agricultural Hall.
Assoc. Football. England v. Austria, Stamford Bridge.

8th **Racing.** Gatwick and Worcester.
Shows. Smithfield Club Cattle Show, Royal Agricultural Hall. Maidstone Fat Stock
Boxing. Northcliffe B.C., Stadium Club.

9th **Racing.** Lingfield Park Steeplechases.
Shows. Smithfield Club Cattle Show, Royal Agricultural Hall.

10th Grouse and Black Game shooting ends.
Racing. Lingfield Park and Carlisle Steeplechases.
Squash Rackets. Royal Navy and Royal Marines Championship.
Motoring. N. West London M.C. London-Gloucester Trial.
Shows. Fat Stock Show, Reading.
Hockey. Wimbledon v. Dulwich. Blackheath v. Birley.
Rugby. Upper Clapton v. Olyney, Bush Hill Park. London Hospital v. Woodford. Oxford University v. North of Ireland.
Assoc. Football. 2nd Round F.A. Cup. 1st Round F.A. Amateur Cup. 3rd Round Welsh Amateur Cup.

12th **Racing.** Nottingham and Plumpton Steeplechases.
Cricket. Test Match, England v. Australia, Sydney.

13th **Racing.** Nottingham Steeplechases.
Shows. Yorkshire Fat Stock, York.

14th **Racing.** Windsor Steeplechases.
Shows. Fat Stock Show, St. Albans.
Boxing. Belsize Boxing Club, Royal Albert Hall.

15th **Racing.** Windsor Steeplechases.
Billiards. Non-stop Tourney, Thurston's, London.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

CARS with a Personality

The 10-h.p. Hillman "Minx"

By The Earl of Cardigan

Smart and sturdy in appearance, the Hillman "Minx" combines real comfort with lively performance and a good turn of speed

The days when sports models were only suitable for summer days and nights are over. The "Minx" provides complete all-weather protection, and a useful hinged signalling flap is included

As a profound believer in the principle of Truth in Advertising, I feel that a vote of thanks is due to the man who has the job of coining slogans for the Hillman "Minx." I see his handiwork boldly featured on the front page of a catalogue which lies before me. "The Sturdy Minx 10/35-H.P.," he has written. Not, mark you, "The 10-h.p. Wonder Car," or even "The Epoch-Making Ten." Just "The Sturdy Minx."

Here, indeed, we have solid, unadulterated truth. If there is one word that sums up the Hillman "Minx" vividly, fairly and precisely, that word is undoubtedly "sturdy." This little car may have—in fact, it has—many other virtues, but its sturdiness is the outstanding quality which will impress itself upon the average driver.

It is also remarkably roomy, even in the case of the sports touring model which I recently tested. Sporting bodies are not usually renowned for comfort, but here there was genuine accommodation for four full-grown adults. The driving position, apart from the invisibility of both front wings (a feature which might embarrass a beginner), left nothing to be desired, and all controls were conveniently placed.

For a 10-h.p. car, the "Minx" is genuinely fast, and I was able to reach 60 m.p.h. under slightly favourable circumstances. The three-speed gear-box is an easy one to manipulate, and something like 40 m.p.h. should be available in second gear. There is no lack of flexibility, however, so that the lower gears are used more of choice than of necessity.

The back seat of a sports car is not always comfortable, but here there is ample leg-room and knee-room, and the wide door opening is assisted by folding front seats

The modern bonnet often covers unused space. Here advantage has been taken of every possible available position to locate the entire tool-kit where it will be readily accessible

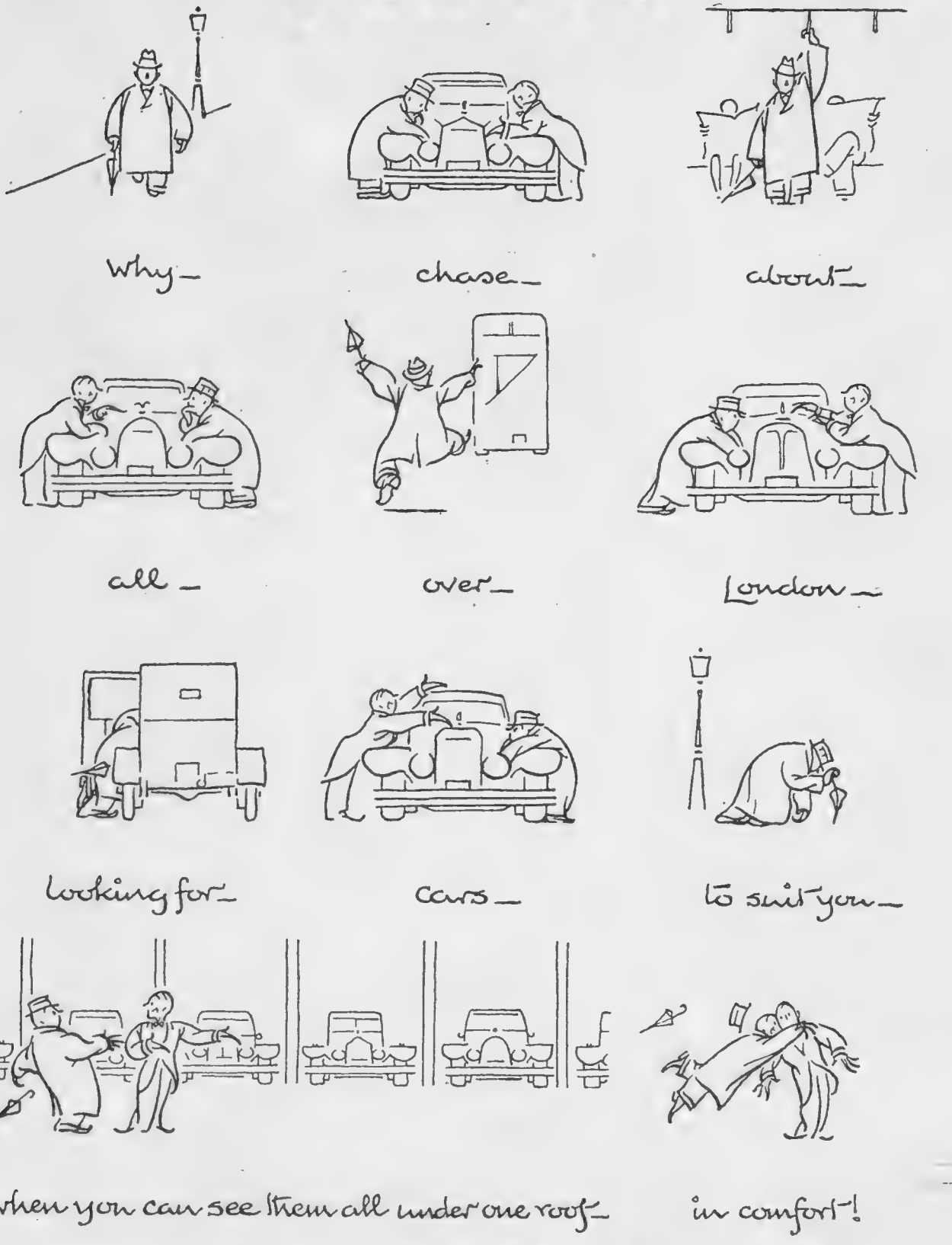
A VERY pleasant feature, which reminds me of a very famous sports car with a three-figure horse-power, is the varying note of the exhaust. At speeds below 30 m.p.h. the engine is notably silent, but at this precise speed it develops one of those deep exhaust notes eminently satisfactory to the sporting owner cruising on the open road.

It is not only on the open road, however, that the "Minx" is seen to advantage. It so happened that, on the day of my test run, I had one or two business appointments to keep. I soon found that I could hardly have had a better car for getting rapidly about in London traffic. The liveliness of the engine was a very welcome feature, the steering proved to be light but definite in action, and the brakes, although perhaps lacking something in progressiveness, could be relied upon for ample power.

At £175, the Sports Tourer represents a really sound investment.

The driving position is thoroughly comfortable, the instruments are neatly grouped, and the controls conveniently placed for handling

BUYING A CAR



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The Doggy World

Nothing But the Truth: By Lady Kitty Ritson

THIS week a correspondent, writing to one of the weekly dog-papers, says: "I think it would be such a good plan if breeders would be honest about their own breed's faults as well as their virtues." He happens to be seeking information on the subject of whether Sealyhams are a bad-tempered breed or not, as he has one which has proved to be extremely uncertain in its ways.

I entirely agree with him, and have always pursued this line myself, and with the best results. What is the use of pretending that, because you are interested in a certain breed, it has none of the faults which are common to all dogs. I have always told the truth about any breed in which I was interested, and have reaped the reward of being believed when I made a definite statement.

Not only do you make purchasers disbelieve you in the future if you have not told the truth, but you also make them dislike the breed, a specimen of which you have induced them to buy, because, not being prepared for eventualities, they are more than ordinarily disappointed. They are so disgruntled, as a rule, that they take a dislike to the breed in question, and drift to another. For instance, it would be folly to pretend that a male Alsatian is a dog to be acquired by a middle-aged woman who likes to go for a short, quiet walk. Male Alsatians are inclined to fight with and chase other dogs, and they are only for people who know how to control and discipline them. On the other hand, an Alsatian bitch is the best companion in the world, and particularly good for the nursery, provided it is in the country.

They Lunched Too Well!

Airedale beagles having an afternoon sleep in the sun at Eldwick, near Bingley, where the kennels are

You do not buy a Keeshond, an elk-hound, or one of the spitz breed if you are a person who expects instant obedience, because you will not receive it—they like to look after themselves; but, on the other hand, you will never be bothered by feeling that you are going to be involved in a dog-fight. They will find their way home, if they miss you, perfectly calmly.

A Sealyham will either be reliable and very little trouble, or else he will be a "fighting fool," and land you in endless difficulties. They are not very good with children, as they often snap if pulled about. They are a man's dog, as they need plenty of exercise, plenty of discipline, and no over-feeding.

IF you want a dog that is no trouble, that follows well and is generally amiable, a cocker is the best breed to acquire. I have often found that they are not gifted with brains, but they are affectionate little dogs, and generally popular. They are inclined to be "all things to all men," but some people don't mind that.

By-the-bye, I have discovered the most wonderful remedy for eczema. As you know, I never recommend anything which I have not tested, and this is marvellous. It is called La Toja soap, and it dries up the sore places like magic. It is manufactured by Ajotal, Ltd., 16, Woodstock Street, W.1. It is also very good for one's own hair.

At the White City: By "White Citizen"

I WONDER how many people who go to the White City to view whatever particular form of sport is being presented there at the moment, and which appeals to them, realise how many are the sports which have wandered from other grounds, finally to find a home at the White City.

As a home of sport generally, this stadium is fairly young, and it is extraordinary, during the short time it has had in which to develop, how many of our leading sporting meetings of all sorts and descriptions have already taken the White City to their hearts as a permanent abode. Perhaps, to the general public, the stadium is best known because of the greyhound racing. I think there can be little doubt that the White City is the best appointed of all the greyhound-racing tracks in the country. It is vast and can hold an enormous concourse of people: and, as well, it has the largest and the most luxurious greyhound-racing club in England, with a membership list already so great that I strongly advise all those who wish to join not to delay any longer, but to make their applications immediately. All those who are interested in greyhound racing and who may be reading these notes must remember the comfort in which it is possible for them to watch the dogs racing at the White City: an excellent dinner in perfect warmth, watching the dogs from behind the glass front of the club without having to leave one's table except just to walk the few yards necessary to reach the tote and make a bet. What more luxurious and pleasant setting could possibly be devised in which to enjoy an evening's entertainment?

BUT also at the White City it is possible on Saturday afternoons to watch professional Soccer played by a very well-known old club. The Queen's Park Rangers are a side which has figured prominently in both League and Cup for many years. In the old days, before the war, they were members of the Southern League, but on the formation of a Third Division to the Football League they, as well as most of the other old Southern League clubs, migrated. The Queen's Park Rangers may not have figured in the very highest class of professional football, but they do at least give excellent value for money, and on the magnificent ground which they now use at the White City they have put up many stirring fights in the Cup against sides which might have been expected to defeat them. In addition to the above, there are also boxing contests, for instance, while floodlight football will soon be in evidence.

An aerial view of the White City Stadium, where varied forms of sports are presented, and one of London's most popular dog-racing tracks capable of seating thousands

THESE are the regular sporting activities of the White City, but in the summer many athletic events of the first importance take place on the track. The Athletic University Match between Oxford and Cambridge now takes place there, and last year, for the first time, the Amateur Athletic Association Championships took place also on this track. It was found eminently satisfactory, even in its initial year, but, with the care which is given to it, improvement is bound to result, and next year many fast times will no doubt be recorded, for the track will have settled down nicely by then.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

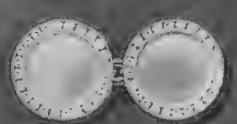
Sapphire, diamond, platinum and 18-ct. white gold ear-rings, per pair £25.0.0

Pearl, diamond, platinum and 18-ct. white gold ear-rings, per pair £13.0.0

Diamond and platinum necklet £25.0.0

Sapphire, diamond and platinum ring £24.10.0

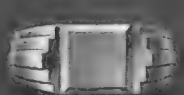
Emerald, diamond, platinum and 18-ct. white gold ring £18.0.0



Mother o' pearl, diamond, platinum and 18-ct. white gold links, per pair £33.0.0
4 buttons £33.0.0
2 studs . £9.0.0

Black onyx, pearl, platinum and 18-ct. gold links, per pair £5.10.0
4 buttons £5.10.0
2 studs . £2.15.0

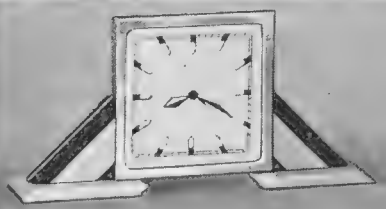
18-ct. gold and topaz (quartz) signet ring £9.0.0



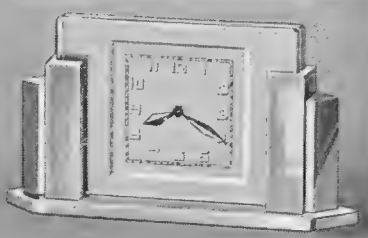
Platinum and 18-ct. gold signet ring £9.15.0

All platinum set fine diamonds £30.0.0

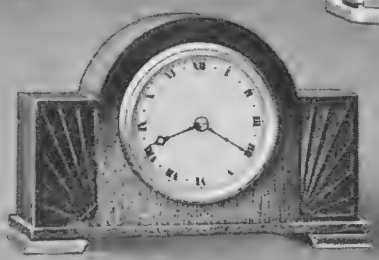
All platinum set fine diamonds £50.0.0



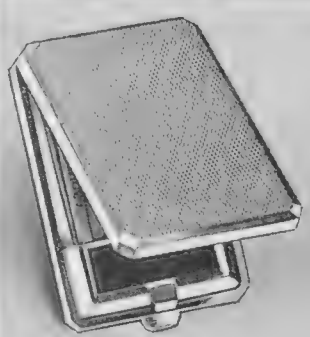
8-day clock in chromium plate & coloured crystal, luminous dial. Height 3 inches £3.10.0
" 4 " £4.10.0
In blue, green or black



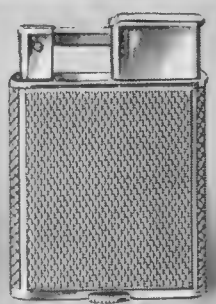
8-day clock in chromium plate and clear crystal, luminous dial. Height 3 inches . . . £4.10.0



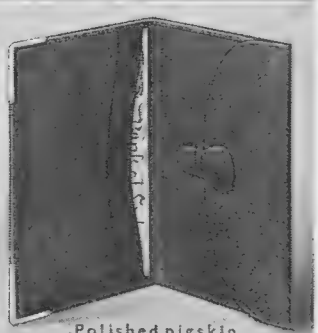
Electric clock in oak. Height 5½ inches £2.17.6



Sterling silver "tear-off" match case 15s. 0d.
In 9-carat gold £5.15



Sterling silver, engine-turned pocket-lighter £1.2.6
In 9-carat gold £7.10.0



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"BY THY SCENT MY SOUL IS RAVISHED."

The Début of Three New and Delicious Perfumes to Delight Discriminating Individualists.

The bottles in which Elizabeth Arden delights to pour her scents are as attractive as the perfumes themselves

OUR title is supplied by Sâdî, a thirteenth-century Persian poet: our theme is immemorial. No persuasion need be added to the poets' and the lovers' praise of rare and lovely perfumes to stimulate woman's interest in and use of scent. Perfumery has contributed to the toilet ritual of the exquisites in all ages, but modern sophistication and individualism has stimulated contemporary creators of perfume to distil finer and more subtle fragrances than ever before for the delectation of twentieth-century woman and her appreciators.

FOR those who demand a distinguished and distinctive perfume, I have good news concerning three entirely new, individual and wholly desirable essences. When one says that these débutantes are presented at the court of fashion by Elizabeth Arden, it will be apparent to the cognoscenti that they "belong" among the aristocrats of toilet elegances and on the dressing-tables of the most eclectic.

Their names are as provocative as the perfumes they exhale: "Ma Rue" is mondiale and yet exotic, potent and yet elusive: it creates an unusual atmosphere and provokes curiosity because its "unsweet sweetness" is indefinable and cannot be analysed. A perfume for the individualist.

"Moon Moss," Miss Arden says, is her "very own perfume," because it embodies all the lovely things in fragrance which she has always sought for. It is delicate and rare, and would be the choice of a woman who desired a scent of distinguished character, different and personal, without being pronounced.

The third of the new Elizabeth Arden perfumes is called "Tuberose," and is almost uncannily redolent of the exotic and dramatic flower itself. Its fragrance makes one look involuntarily for the lovely waxen bells from which it is (perhaps synthetically) distilled.

THIS trilogy, in their so different ways, would seem to be the ultimate expression of the perfumer's art and science. A charming flacon of any one of them can be bought for thirty shillings, and would be an appropriate present for a fastidious friend. The selection of the one most fitting the recipient would be a flattering proof of psychological perception! No more imaginative gift could be chosen, for, as a Mr. Thomas Norton, an alchemist who wrote about the character and concoction of perfumes in 1447, aptly and profoundly avowed: "pleasant odors" are "good for a woman, for such things please her."

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FIELD'S **Nell Gwynn**

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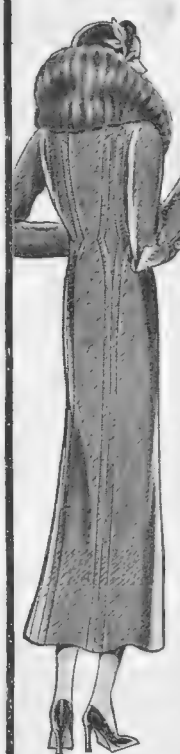

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The Editor's Box

Do You Keep a Diary?

Whether you commit your thoughts religiously to paper every night, or whether you keep a mere engagement book and find it hard work even to scrawl your most important dates therein, you will certainly have to have a diary of some sort or another for 1933. Charles Lett and Co. offer as large a selection as you can find anywhere, as to binding, price, size, and shape. and they have also special editions for the business man, the housewife, motoring, book, golf, wireless enthusiasts, and so on. A new idea is the Rambler's Diary, for hikers, containing maps, which is surely carrying diary requirements to the most exacting limits. Don't forget to Lett your Christmas present list include one or two of these diaries.

Cellar Notes

Messrs. Hedges and Butler, of Regent Street, the well-known wine merchants, have some interesting reports from their correspondents as to the 1932 vintage. Burgundy is not satisfactory, and Bordeaux wines are little better, only a small quantity of good wine being expected. Port yields are small, and not of good quality, except in a few cases; the sherry vintage of 1932, on the other hand, will be generally good, and the yield is 20 per cent. up on last year. This year's champagne is not likely to be much sought after, the quality of the wine being described as "ordinary." Rhine wines are better than they have been since 1929, particularly in the Rheingau, where almost a full crop has been gathered, and it will be possible to buy some good wines from the Palatinate and the Moselle Valley.

All entries for The Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* The Bystander *for the current week.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* The Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON NOVEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

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For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of

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The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

SOME LUNCHEON DISHES

Omelette à la Russe

*

Soufflé de Veau

*

Chicken Livers à la Suprême

*

Chaudfroid de Faisan

Omelette à la Russe

Chop two shallots with a little parsley and cook in hot water. Add two tablespoonsful of caviare and a teaspoonful of lemon juice; season to taste. Beat four eggs with a tablespoonful of milk or cream, salt and pepper, and fry in an omelette-pan in hot butter till done. Put the mixture in the centre, turn in the ends, and serve at once.

Soufflé de Veau

Heat two tablespoonsful of butter. Mix with the same amount of flour till smooth, add one cup of milk, and allow to boil up. Then add one cup of minced veal, some parsley, salt, pepper and nutmeg to taste. Stir in the yolks of two eggs. Remove from the fire; let cool. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, add to the meat. Put in a buttered baking-dish, and bake for twenty minutes.

Chicken Livers à la Suprême

Prepare the livers and quarter them; in a second bowl have a cupful of fresh mushrooms which have been peeled and broken in small pieces. Put a tablespoonful of butter in a frying-pan, add the livers, and let them brown; dredge over them one tablespoonful of flour and stir until it is absorbed, and then add gradually half a cupful of chicken-broth and half a cupful of cream, and stir until thick. Now add the mushrooms, salt and pepper to taste, cover, and simmer for ten minutes. Stir in a teaspoontul of lemon juice, and serve.

Chaudfroid de Faisan

Cut up a cold pheasant into neat slices, and cover these with stiffened espagnole sauce. Serve round a mayonnaise salad and garnish with sliced hard-boiled egg. Any game may be treated this way. For espagnole sauce, fry together 1½ oz. of butter, 1½ oz. of flour, a sliced tomato, a sliced onion, and a small slice of lean ham; then add gradually a full half a pint of good brown stock into which three or four leaves of gelatine have been soaked. Boil all together for fifteen minutes, pass it through a sieve, add about half a gill of sherry, skim well, and boil up till reduced about a fourth part.

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A particularly pleasing process offered with justifiable pride in its results, 7/6. With gentle electric influence, 10/6.

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Conforms to the standard anticipated by modern woman. Shampoo, 2/6, Shampoo and Water Waving, 5/6, Marcel Waving, 2/6, Trimming, 2/6.

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Pure preparations and Radiant Light are used, and perfect sterilization of instruments is observed. Single sitting, 2/6.

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MAKE IT A CRUISING CHRISTMAS

ON 'ATLANTIS'

To Lisbon, Malaga, La Goulette, Malta, Philippeville, Algiers and Gibraltar.

Dec. 21 - - 17 days from 29 Gns.

OR 'ASTURIAS'

A 4-day cruise to see Sunny Spain and delight in the jollities of Christmas.

Dec. 23 27 - - - from 8 Gns.

OR A LONGER HOLIDAY CRUISE IN THE NEW YEAR

New scenes; new peoples and strange customs. Here is a holiday packed with the variety which only a cruise like this can give.

FEBRUARY 3, 1933

57 days from 135 Guineas.

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ROYAL MAIL LINES, LTD.,

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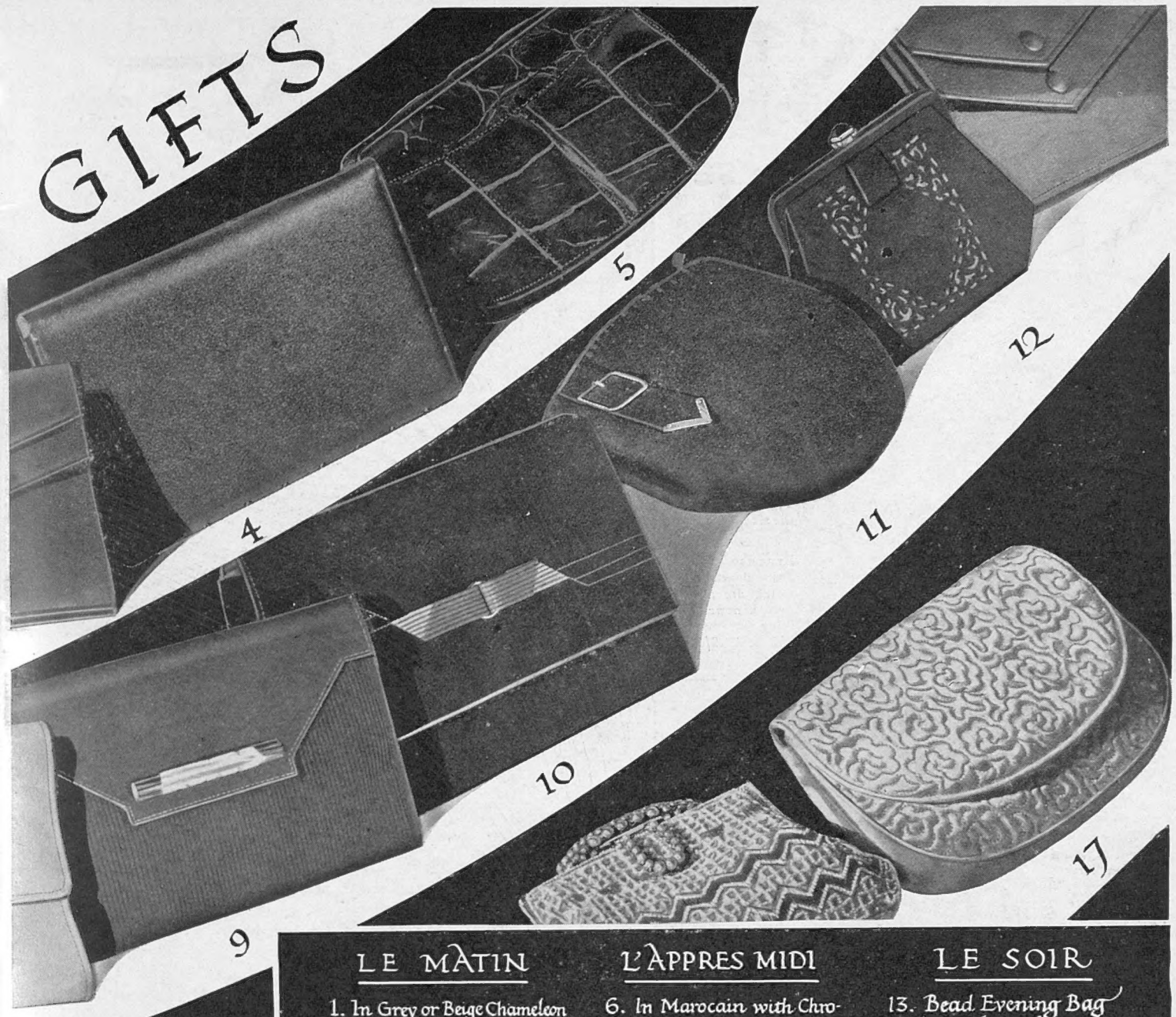
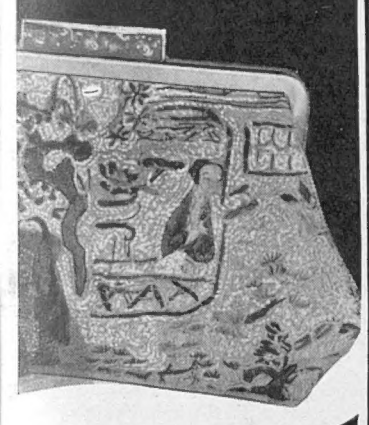
MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

HANDBAGS FOR

OXFORD STREET ✧ LONDON ✧ W·1

GIFTS





LE MATIN

1. In Grey or Beige Chameleon Skin, Fitted & lined Silk, Silver Mounts . 89/6

2. In Morocco, fitted inner division, in Black, Green, Navy, Scarlet, Covert, & Brown 26/9

3. The 'extra flap' Pochette in Red, Navy, Saxe, Nigger, Grey or Black Calf, ... 35/6

4. In Fine Seal Skin, with Silver Gilt Mounts, in Navy, Nigger & Havana 75/-

5. In Real Crocodile Size 10½ in. x 6½ ins. 29/6

L'APPRES MIDI

6. In Marocain with Chromium Mount, Colours, Navy, Brown, Grey, Beige and Black . . . 21/-

7. Pleated Marocain Bag in Brown, Grey, Beige, and Black . . . 18/9

8. Morocco Vagabond Bag in many colours. 12/9

9. In Pleated Silk, many colours, ... 28/9

10. In Black Crêpe-de-Chine with Red or Blue Motif 29/6

11. In Brown, Green, Navy, Red or Black Felt, ... 21/-

12. In Black Suede with open-work design, ... 22/6

LE SOIR

13. Bead Evening Bag with Pearl & Gilt Frame 55/-

14. Bead Vagabond Bag in beautiful shades 34/6

15. Beaded Evening Bag in open-work design 55/-

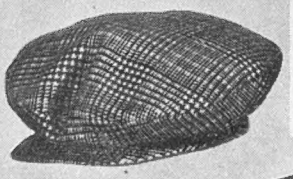
16. Evening Bag in Real Chinese Embroidery, ... 59/6

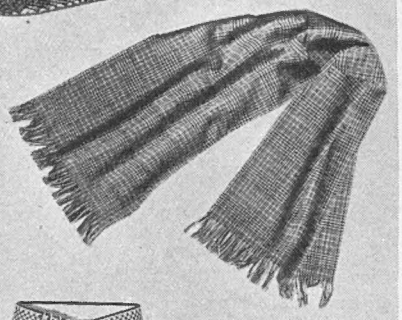
17. Vagabond Bag in Quilted Satin, Colours, Beige, Pink, White and Black . . . 21/-

CHRISTMAS BOOK FREE

SENT ON APPROVAL

Neither a sister nor a fiancée can possibly go wrong among these GIFTS for men





Caps & Scarves that match in a wide range of checks and "heathers." For the car or train journey. 15/6 and 21/- the set

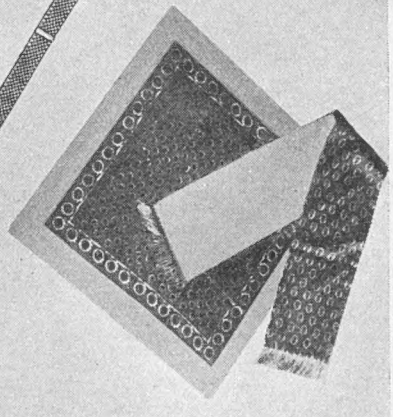
●

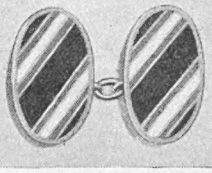
Braces and Suspenders that match are almost the newest thing. 6/6 and 8/6 the set.

A Reversible Muffler and a Handkerchief, both of heavy silk, in matching patterns, both gay and sober. 35/- the pair

●

Cuff Links and Ties in Club, University and Regimental colours. Special orders present no difficulty. From 12/6 the set





and then there are Pyjamas and Dressing Gowns of the same material, Bedroom Slippers that match the Gowns, Handkerchiefs that match Scarves, Silk Scarves that match Shirts, Stockings that match Pullovers, and Socks that match Ties. In fact, so tasteful, so pleasing the display at Vigo House that you may choose at your greatest leisure gifts which render masculine guidance entirely unnecessary.

FORSYTH

(*R. W. FORSYTH LIMITED*)

VIGO HOUSE · REGENT STREET · W1

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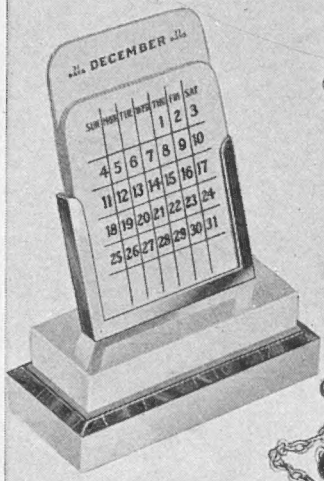
BOND ST. *Established 1781* LONDON

Hand Painted Enamel and Silver Gilt Vanity Case—for powder and lipstick—mirror in lid. Size 2⅝x1⅝ £6-15-0

Plain Silver Letter-weight. Mounted Cockerell 12/6

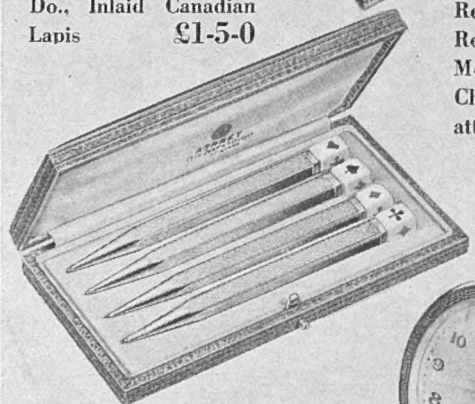


Perpetual Calendar. Silver Gilt Mounts. Mexican Onyx Inlaid Malachite £1-10-0

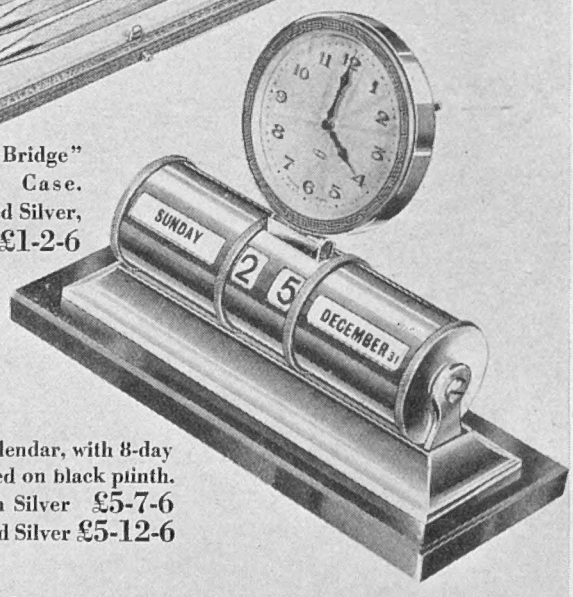
Do., Inlaid Canadian Lapis £1-5-0

Enamel and Silver Gilt Cigarette Case. London Made. Size 3½x2 £3-10-0

Registered "Telephone" Reading Glass. Silver Mounted with Silver Chain and Padlock for attaching to instrument £1-18-6



Set of 4 "Bridge" Pencils in Case. Engine Turned Silver, Ivory Tops £1-2-6



Perpetual Calendar, with 8-day Clock mounted on black plinth.
Plain Silver £5-7-6
Engine Turned Silver £5-12-6

ASPREY & CO., LTD., 165-169, NEW BOND ST., W.1.

Exquisite Gifts

Combining utility with high artistic merit

ROYAL COPENHAGEN PORCELAIN

DINNER SERVICE DESIGNED BY CHRISTIAN JOACHIM—DECORATED OVER THE GLAZE

Dinner Plates, 13*s.* 9*d. each.* Cheese Plates, 10*s. each.*
Salad Plates, 27*s.* 6*d. each.* Small Sweet Dish, £5 10. Vegetable Dish, £6 15.

HOLMEGAARD SMOKE-COLOURED GLASS

Champagne, 2*s.* 9*d. each.* Claret, 2*s.* 6*d. each.* Wine, 2*s.* 3*d. each.*
Port, 2*s. each.*

SILVER BY GEORG JENSEN—PYRAMID DESIGN

Prices supplied on application.

Among the large and varied stock on view at the London Galleries of the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Co. Ltd., are to be found many other quite inexpensive useful articles, not only of Porcelain but also of Glass, Pewter, Bronze, Silver, etc., by well-known artists. These, by their beauty and inherent grace, cannot fail to charm any lover of things artistic. A visit is requested.

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BROCHURE GLADLY SENT ON ENQUIRY.

THE VELVET VOGUE

Worth, Chanel, Schiaparelli, all of them have decreed velvet for the present Chic. In every shade from the palest tints of dawn to the blackest depths of night, and ABBOTTS have the shoes ready and waiting to be dyed and matched to any subtle shade.

ABBOTT and Eve

has become the accepted association of the practical and the fundamentally feminine in shoes.

No. 0919. A combination of Velvet and Satin in white, ready for dyeing at short notice 21'9
2/6 extra. Postage 6d.

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COLISEUM. (Charing Cross). (Phone: Temple Bar 3161)

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TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 8.15 p.m.

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Ideal position in 5 acres of gardens overlooking the Sea. Beautifully furnished and fitted with all modern conveniences; perfect cuisine and service. Golf, Tennis, Music, Dancing. Up-to-date Garage for 40 Cars.

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Ideal in Winter . . . .

120 ft. Sun Lounge facing south. Bedrooms and Private Suites with Sun Balconies are available. MANY PRIVATE BATHROOMS. H. & C. RUNNING WATER TO ALL ROOMS. EXCELLENT cuisine and service. From 4½ gns.

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Paris.

The last word in all modern conveniences, situated in the West End of Paris, yet possessing the unique charm of tranquillity allied to a pretty garden.

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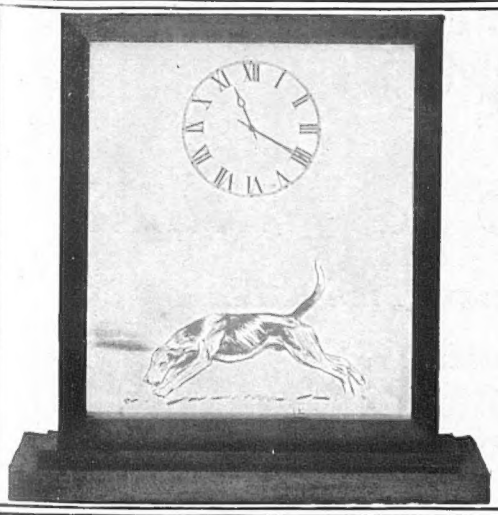


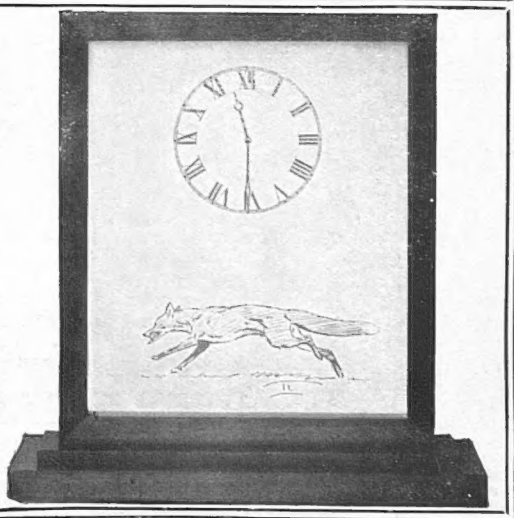
CLOCKS
FOR
SPORTSMEN
engraved after designs by
LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.

Here are illustrated two of the Lionel Edwards clocks, than which there is no more suitable gift for the hunting man. On the beautifully silvered face of each is engraved, in absolute facsimile, a signed drawing by the most famous of modern sporting artists.

In polished frames of walnut or antique mahogany, 12 ins. high, £12. 12. 0

Sold exclusively at The Sporting Gallery, where clocks after several designs by Lionel Edwards can be seen, as well as many other unique and novel gifts for Sportsmen.

THE SPORTING GALLERY.
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON



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IS ONE MERRY-GO-ROUND of JOLLITY

YOU MUST GET IT—IT'S FUNNY—IT'S PRETTY—IT'S CLEVER—IT'S EASILY THE MOST ENTERTAINING ISSUE THE BRIGHT AND BREEZY BYSTANDER HAS EVER PRODUCED